JOHN BULL
TWOPENCE

In the heat of the day

In the cool of the evening

—there's nothing like a GUINNESS to refresh you

The more oppressive the day, the more invitingly that creamy head smiles up at you. At first sip, you know you've chosen the right drink. Clean and invigorating, with a welcome keenness of hops. Minute by minute, you feel your Guinness putting new strength into your tired limbs. That's what makes the refreshment *last*.

In the cool of a summer evening, your Guinness is just as satisfying. Drink it slowly, enjoy its generous 'body'. Peace and contentment steal upon you, and the world seems a very good place.

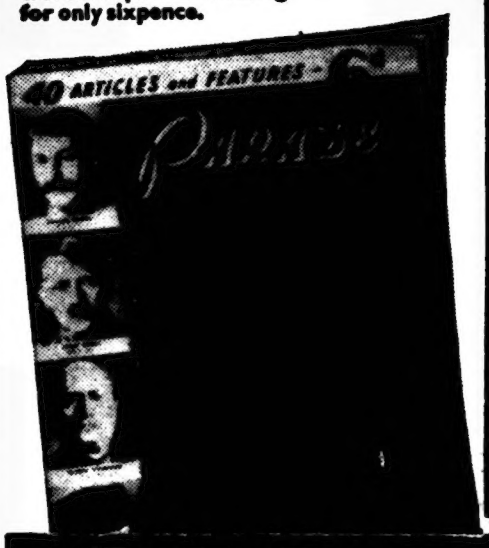
Treat yourself to a Guinness today. A Guinness and a sandwich make a fine summer meal. Guinness is good for you.

G.E.898.F.

THE DEADLY WEAPONS OF MODERN ESPIONAGE!

But they are deadly only while they remain—secret!

THE ingenious weapons of modern espionage—secret codes and ciphers that shape the destiny of nations—are to-day more deadly than guns. Counter-moves are successful, traps are sprung and victories won when mysterious messages remain secret . . . when they don't, heads and kings and countries fall. Revealing the unbelievable spy-systems of other countries and of Great Britain, a writer in the September "Parade" gives the fascinating inner story of the art of sending and receiving secret messages—fascinating, dangerous and vitally important. This remarkable article, "Secret Codes that Shape our Destinies"—one of over 40 features—is typical of the brilliant, up-to-the-minute articles in "Parade." Look for the distinctive light-blue and black cover of the September "Parade" out August 15th at all bookstalls—and get your copy Early. It's a full shillings-worth of splendid reading for only sixpence.



★ At only sixpence, *Parade* represents unequalled value to everyone who wishes to keep in touch with world thought and opinion. Here are just a few of

OVER 40 STIMULATING ARTICLES AND FEATURES

contained in the 132 brilliant pages of the September issue.

SEX—YOUTH SHOULD BE TOLD
•
NAZI AIR FORCE—THE TRUTH
•
CARDSHARPERS' SECRETS
•
WHERE BOMBS ARE WELCOME
•
HABITS THAT HURT
•
DEATH IS NOT THE END
•
SPYING AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE
•
GERMANS WHO THINK—AND WHISPER
•
DICTATORS' INCOME
•
HOUSES THAT ADOLF BUILT
•
SHOULD WE DIE FOR "STATUS QUO"?
•
AMERICAN TRAGEDY
•
SHADOW OVER SWITZERLAND
•
SWASTIKA'S FIGHTING MACHINE
•
ETC., ETC.

PARADE

OUT ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 15th

SHILLING VALUE FOR 6D.

A BIG group of happy, laughing children enjoying an impromptu game of races. The competitors are being cheered on by young enthusiastic spectators. A few seconds to go and all will know who is the winner. The little fellow in a brown jersey is going "all out." Then with startling suddenness there is a big "Oh!" followed immediately by a deep hush. The boy in the brown jersey has fallen heavily. He had broken his leg.

The risk of children's accidents is never more prevalent than in August—the kiddies' biggest holiday time of the whole year. Parents who are registered readers of "John Bull" are saved a great deal of worry in the knowledge that "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift provides benefits for children's accidents.

"JOHN BULL'S" AID FOR PARENTS

Last week alone "John Bull" dispatched no fewer than 119 cheques to parents whose children had met with accidents—timely aid that comes as a great boon and a blessing.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to providing Benefits for Children's Accidents and numerous other common everyday risks and perils, "John Bull" is the *only paper in the world* to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.

£569 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £569 to registered readers or their dependants as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£187	0	0
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£144	0	0
Children's Accidents... ...	£238	0	0
	£569	0	0

"JOHN BULL" YOUR SHIELD OF SECURITY

"John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift provides a shield of security for home and family that is second to none. This great security gift is absolutely unique. The breadwinner, his wife, his children and all those precious possessions that mean home are given protection that makes for a happy home life, free of doubt and anxiety.

To enjoy the great feeling of security which "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift inspires is to be able to face the future confidently, enjoy life as it comes without fear of what may be round the corner—and to think that this is possible simply by using the Registration Forms which appear below! The relief that will be felt as soon as these Registration Forms have been utilised will be tremendous. The knowledge that there is an assured helping hand for you in times of misfortune is something that is beyond all price. Remember, "John Bull's" Great Family Insurance Gift is **free!**

REGISTER NOW for this great Security Gift. Use Forms below TO-DAY!

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 12/8/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

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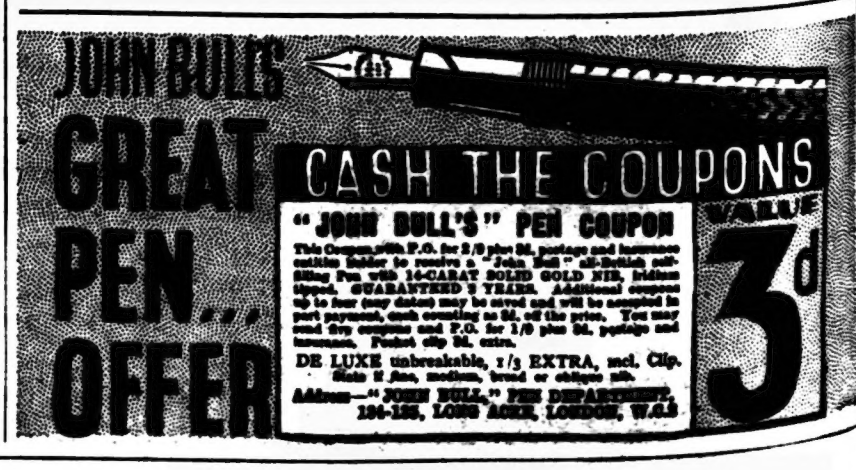
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 12/8/39.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State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.
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VALUE 3d

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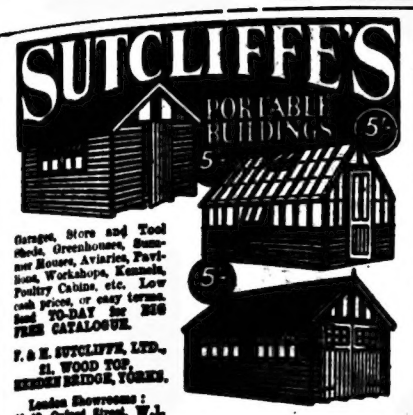

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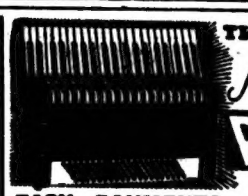

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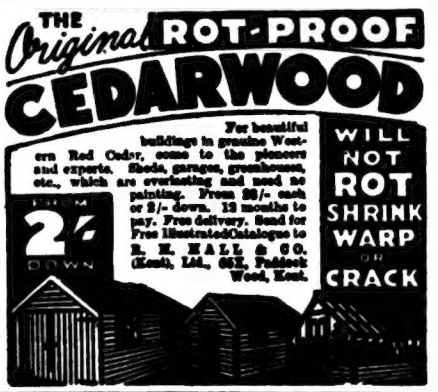

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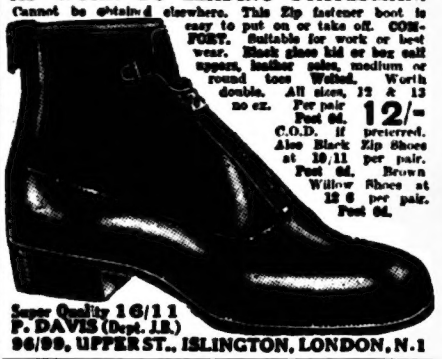

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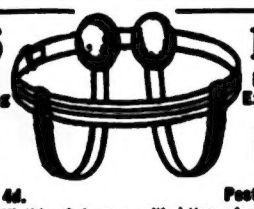

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How did Life begin?
Life 1,500,000 years ago!
Where are we going?
Shall we live longer?
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How you breathe
How long can you stay?
Sex and Sensibility
How many children can a man have?
Will it be a boy or girl?
Your 2,000,000 years
The body's telephone exchange
Your 250,000 miles of veins and arteries
Hereditary virtues and vices
Actions we are not responsible for
Living towns in the body
Best years for health
Surgical miracles
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WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE
How the Sun was made
Is space empty?
Does life exist on other planets?
Is our Sun dying?
Will Life be frozen from the Earth?
Is the Earth racing to a collision?
The worlds beyond our own
Is the Universe expanding?
Did man see the Moon's capture?
Will the Moon hit the Earth?
Gold on the Moon?
Is there Life on Mars?
Radio Signals from Mars?
etc., etc., etc.

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How the Earth was made
What is in the Earth's centre?
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Deadly rays held in check
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Earthquakes in London
Mountains on the move
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Trees that live for thousands of years
Mysterious trees
Chemistry of Plant Life
Plants strange and rare
Marshes that measure Life
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Forests of stone
Giants of the Plant World
Lotteries by electricity
Miracles performed by leaves
Seeds that live for centuries
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The secrets of animals' eggs
How animals are made
Birds once had teeth
Migrations of fishes
Amazing journeys of cats
Curious animal partnerships
Animals that change sex
Animal freaks and monsters
How animals became extinct
Have animals any brains?
What medicine saved us animals
Are there undiscovered animals?
etc., etc., etc.

HUMANITY MARCHES ON
How many people have lived?
"Modern" inventions that are ancient
Mass production 1,000 years ago
Medical arts of the animals
Hypnotism before Moses
What ancient people knew
Amazing increase in population
Marriage and Divorce
etc., etc., etc.

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Places sacred to mankind
Holy Centres of the World
Legend of the Wandering Jew
Noah and the Deluge!!
Ideas of Future Life
The Flood
Legends and Black Magic
etc., etc., etc.

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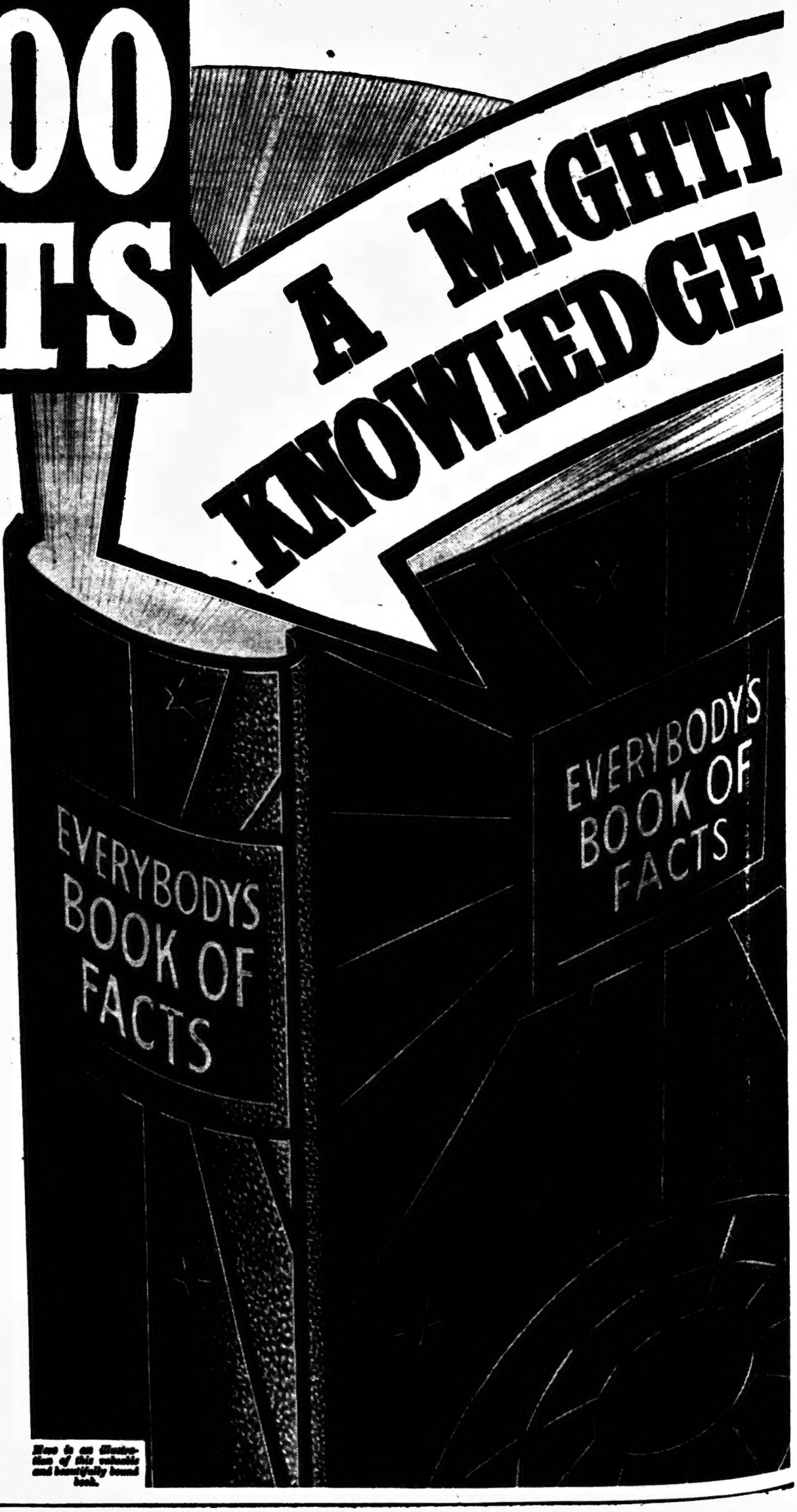
World's earliest cities
Cities hidden in Jungles
Egypt's mighty Pyramids
Mighty Fortifications
Marvellous Churches
Glories of Mediæval France
England's historic homes
Pride of Europe's castles
New York's skyscrapers
Great aqueducts of ancient Rome
etc., etc., etc.

HOW SPEECH BEGAN
The beginning of words
World alphabets
The invention of writing
1,500 years of newspapers
etc., etc., etc.

MIGHTY SEAS AND THEIR SECRETS
Mountain ranges under the sea
Will the oceans dry up?
Where the sea is hot
Cities from the sea
Lake 12,000 feet above sea level
Deep water mysteries
Where does the air come from?



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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1939.
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Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 3468.

Straight from the Shoulder

Hitler's Men in London

FOREIGN spies in London are earnestly interested in two newcomers to the German Embassy. So are City financiers. So is Downing Street.

The two men have held high positions in the German Diplomatic Service. Their secret visit to London is "purely unofficial."

But Europe's future may depend upon it.

Appeasement Again

For a new "Hudson affair" is developing. If it succeeds, it will be the first stage in a new and biggest-ever Appeasement Plan.

To "Sound" City

The two visitors have two missions. Firstly, to "sound" the City about a scheme for releasing from Germany the "frozen capital" owned by British Big Business.

On conditions, of course. Frankly, we do not know what those stipulations would be.

Probably some form of assistance in saving the mark from plunging downward, now that printing presses are pouring out bales of new German paper-money.

Hitler is Worried

Secondly, they must find out Downing Street's frame of mind and report to Hitler.

He is worried by the British mission to Moscow. On the other hand, he thinks that the Hudson fiasco, our deal with Japan, our attitude towards Poland, may all indicate the beginning of a new appeasement policy.

Popular Visitor?

Next important visitor to London, it's suggested, would be Goering himself. Yes, that old idea has been resurrected. It is proposed that he should come in the hunting season; it's hoped that he would be a big social success.

The German Embassy has been instructed to pave the way. But Whitehall is again pouring cold water on it.

No, he wouldn't be popular.

Still "Slimming"

Mention of that stout designer of uniforms calls for mention of another Nazi hope: The German Press has been ordered to stress the need for stern dieting.

Pity, because under-feeding is respon-

(*Continued overleaf*)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

Cheerful hint: war risk clause is being dropped from new life assurance policies.

* * *

BEHIND CITY OF LONDON RUMOURS THAT U.S.A. WHEAT CROP MAY BE RUINED BY BAD WEATHER AND CANADIAN CROP IS MENACED BY GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE ARE SPECULATORS MAKING THEIR USUAL ATTEMPT TO FORCE UP WHEAT PRICES AND MAKE BIG PROFITS. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY ARE SUCCEEDING.

* * *

Cardinal Hinsley is being approached to sign petition for release of ex-Chancellor Schuschnigg, Nazi prisoner, who is now nearly blind and unable to walk.

* * *

New move has blessing of the Pope; petition will probably be signed by all Catholic bishops.

* * *

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has drafted scheme for giving Dominion status to the West Indies.

* * *

Coming to Britain for training are 200 Polish Air Force pilots. Orders for several hundred 'planes will follow.

* * *

Britain's strong Note has made Japan nervous—despite her insolent face. She fears we may next follow U.S.A.'s example and denounce our trade agreement. This move is actually under consideration at Whitehall.

But the Anglo-Japan agreement cannot be ended without twelve months' notice; whereas President Roosevelt was able to give only six months' notice.

* * *

Hitler is cross because his plans have been crossed. Von Ribbentrop has incurred his full fury.

Firstly, because Rib's optimism has been shattered by our sending war chiefs to Moscow.

Secondly, because Rumania has also—but quietly—asked for a British military mission to advise on lightning reorganisation of Rumanian army.

Remember: Hitler's real aim is in South-East Europe, through Hungary towards Rumania and Poland.

* * *

Clean-up of Vienna barracks has uncovered masses of anti-Nazi leaflets. Infantry Regiment 134 and Tank Regiment 3 are chief offenders; arrests are being made.

* * *

SCHOOLCHILDREN IN THE RUHR ARE ORDERED BY NAZI TEACHERS TO REPORT WHAT THEIR PARENTS THINK OF WAR AND TO WHICH FOREIGN RADIO STATIONS THEY LISTEN.

As Dr. Schuschnigg looked when he visited Downing Street. Now, in a Nazi prison, he's broken, unable to walk and nearly blind

Flying officers have been sent from Kiel on secret mission to Africa; not even their families know their exact destination.

* * *

Quickfirers are being fitted to German trawlers.

* * *

GERMAN EXPERTS AT ITALIAN NAVAL TESTS REPORT THAT ITALY COULD NOT BOTTLE-UP THE MEDITERRANEAN IN TIME OF WAR, AS MUSSOLINI CLAIMS.

* * *

We can reveal that Gestapo dictator Himmler has paid secret visit to North Tyrol to supervise round-up of German-Italians who resent Mussolini's deal with Hitler.

* * *

Despite this, open clashes between Italian police and Germans due to be evacuated are becoming more frequent.

* * *

But Jewish refugees from Germany are to be welcomed by Italy—a Mussolini change-of-face that is irritating Berlin.

* * *

Two Berlin exhibition halls, each capable of holding 20,000 people, have been turned into grain stores.

* * *

MUSSOLINI IS PREPARING NEW LAW THAT WOULD MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO DENY THE THRONE TO THE ANTI-FASCIST CROWN PRINCE UMBERTO, WHO MUST HENCEFORTH BE KNOWN MERELY AS THE DUKE OF PIEDMONT.

* * *

Stalin is piqued because British diplomats call him "Monsieur" while addressing Hitler as "Herr." He prefers "Tovarich," but as this means "comrade" it isn't popular in Whitehall.

* * *

Reason for despatch of British troops from India to Malaya and Egypt: renewed Nazi "fifth column" activities are expected in those countries.

* * *

French battleships and heavy cruisers are to be stationed at Singapore. British Far East fleet is short of these types of vessel.

* * *

While the U.S.A. is considering sending warships to British and French bases near China.

* * *

WATCH SPAIN. RECENT ARMY REVOLT WAS ONLY A BEGINNING. CABINET RESHUFFLE IS COMING. FRANCO, REMAINING LEADER, WILL CEASE TO BE PRIME MINISTER. NEW "STRONG MAN" WILL BE HIS FASCIST BROTHER-IN-LAW; ARMY CHIEFS ARE ALREADY PREPARING TO RESIST HIM.

* * *

So much unrest is feared that Franco's visit to Rome will be postponed.

Continuing Straight from the Shoulder

Wasting the Taxpayers' Savings
Incredible "Do Your Bit" Farce

sible for the increasing sickness in Germany which we recently reported.

German Tea

Certainly, the newly invented "German tea" wouldn't be a popular beverage over here. Its chief ingredients: blackberry leaves, hips and apple peel.

Where Profits Go

But Britain, or course, is a land flowing with milk and honey. For the armament employers if not for the unemployed and old-age pensioners.

This week we'll deal with the building of Militia camps.

The more costs are kept up, the more profits the builders are allowed. So wages are high—one boy of fourteen, summoned for not going to school, was earning £3 5s. a week at a camp.

Government Bricks

Materials are also costly. Mr. Hore-Belisha says he doesn't know where bricks can be bought for less than 70s. a thousand, which is the rate paid by the War Office.

Contractors for county councils supply bricks at 47s. 6d. and 55s. a thousand.

Which is all very nice—except for the taxpayer, meaning You.

Boots, Boots, Boots

Yet men working in small boot factories, furiously busy with orders for Army boots, are getting a lot less than the fourteen-year-old truant in the Militia camp. One man took home last week exactly 28s.

No doubt his employer is receiving kinder treatment from a chuckle-headed and dim-sighted Government.

Air-minded

But we leave you to apply your own description to the next episode in the stirring story of Britain's defences.

A London professional man applied, at the beginning of May, for one of two vacancies for officers in an air squadron stationed near Maidstone. He underwent a preliminary test.

Later, the squadron sent for him, thinking he had passed his final test.

Next, he was summoned by telegram to Rochester for that all-important medical board.

Told Wrong Day

He got up early on the appointed day, motored to Rochester, arrived at the appointed hour of 9.30 a.m.—and found that the board had been held on the previous day.

Complaint to the Air Ministry resulted in another telegram—to go to Manston aerodrome. He went, saw a perplexed chief medical officer, and was given a second test. Now he must attend a third exam.

Still Waiting

That is the recital to date. We hope to be able to report its conclusion before Christmas. When, we expect, the would-be airman will tire of waiting and join the police reserve.

Starving Shopkeepers

Among the most patient folk we know are the small shopkeepers who are being starved out by high rates.

To cite only one case: a general store made less than £100 gross profit last year, from which £35 had to be deducted for rates.

And Mounting Rates

One parson, appealing to us on behalf of the little traders of his parish, tells us that he can get no relief for them from the local assessment committee.

We understand that. Trouble is, the State is imposing so many fresh tasks upon local councils—without providing the money—that rates just have to be rocketed to save the authorities from bankruptcy.

It's the little man who goes smash.

Incredible Spending

Yes, and there'll be a packet of trouble for every man and woman in the street unless our rulers show more foresight than experience teaches us to expect from them.

Just because unemployment is slumping so well. Full "technical" employment of our resources will mean heavy competition for raw materials.

Incredible spending on defence will help to increase the risk of inflation—which simply means rising costs.

The Red Light

And when inflation comes, as we have learned, wages lag behind.

You get the same money with which to buy much dearer necessities.

That is the economic red light which is shining clearly.

And Our Remedy

How to avoid the danger? Careful planning of our industry—not when inflation has already burst on us, but now.

And planning is all the more necessary if we are to avert a slump when the arms boom ends.

We've stressed this before, we know. We make no apology for repeating the warning, for there's just a chance that Whitehall has removed the cotton-wool from its ears.

Tailors Victimised

Perhaps we are too sanguine. For we confess that nothing has been done to end the shocking slavery in the tailoring trade which we have reported.

The Manchester Master Tailors' Federation adds to our last report by telling us that not 1 per cent. of the small workshops in the trade observe Factory Act and Board of Trade regulations.

"Hell-Holes" Pay

We can well believe it. We do not doubt that, as the Federation says, "the majority of masters are satisfied to let their employees work under indescribable conditions in hell-holes."

Until complacent officialdom appoints more inspectors, those hell-holes will remain paying propositions.

Home in a Hut

No doubt it's a pretty black hole which Owen Sullivan was ordered to quit. This elderly invalid, like many other Welsh unemployed, is so poor that he can't find a house in which to live.

So he and his wife have been taking refuge in a hut built of wood, rags and tin—one of many which Brynmawr Urban Council is endeavouring to remove.

Most of the victims are old-age pensioners.

Still Hounded

Sullivan, fined for failing to quit, couldn't pay. So the Bench fined him 2s. 6d. for every day he remained. With the result that he has now gone to jail, despite his bad health.

Can't this rich nation afford to provide cheap houses for its poor?

Unfair to Experience?

But there's good sense in a decision by motor insurance companies to insert a new clause in policies:

"If an accident occurs whilst the car is being driven by a person under the age of twenty-one, or who has not had at least six months' recent and regular driving experience under a full driving licence, the insured shall be required to bear the first £25 of any claim."

Very wise, at first sight.

But might it not be unfair to experienced drivers who have not had six months' regular driving because, say, of illness?

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

GREAT FOOD SCANDAL

A busy livestock market. Trading is open and above-board here, but later retail shopkeepers sell unfit meat in secret. The traffic is spreading; inspectors are powerless

WICKED, deliberate evasion of the regulations controlling the sale of food is steadily on the increase.

Quantities of food unfit for eating are being sold every day in London, in the great provincial cities, and even in the small country towns.

This traffic is carefully organised to defeat the safeguarding regulations.

It is being carried on by unscrupulous traders who are ready to run the risk of detection for the sake of extra profits.

Medical officers of health and local government inspectors know full well what is taking place. But they are doing nothing to stop an evil that imperils the health of thousands.

At this time of year the dangerous business is at its peak.

That is because the efforts of doctors, veterinary officers and sanitary inspectors are diminished through the holiday curtailment of staff.

JOHN BULL has ample evidence to justify its accusation. During the past week one of our representatives made a special enquiry in Lancashire.

HE was given chapter and verse of innumerable cases in which food condemned or placed on one side as being unfit for human consumption was being resold.

There are a number of agents in Liverpool and Manchester who make a speciality of going to retail shopkeepers and buying up cheaply meat, poultry and fish that has deteriorated with keeping. Because of its unfitness the food has been placed on one side for "salvage sale."

Particularly these agents look for poultry impregnated with "storage mildew."

To conform with the law, certificates are given that the condemned stock *will not be used for food*, but only for manufacturing purposes.

What actually happens is that the unfit food—passing through various hands—eventually reaches a factory where it is converted into potted meats, sausages or meat pies.

This, by the way, does not operate among reputable firms, such as national advertisers, whose care in the preparation of their products is above suspicion.

Profits of this discreditable trade are enormous.

Everything possible is done along the chain, from purchasing agent to the factory, to disguise the true purpose for which condemned food is intended.

BAD food profiteers cover their tracks carefully.

YET EXPERTS IN THE PROVISION TRADE IN MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL KNOW QUITE WELL WHAT IS GOING ON. THEIR DIFFICULTY IS IN FINDING WITNESSES WHO WILL SAY ENOUGH TO LAUNCH A PROSECUTION.

Vast quantities of unbranded factory products prepared from unfit meat are sold every week to consumers across the counters of shops in the industrial towns.

In some instances meat acquired for some of the most notorious "pirate" factories is in such a state that it cannot be treated by an ordinary mincing machine. A special machine has to be used.

Most of the "pirate" factories are fairly small concerns with employees who are related to the principal.

ONE remedy, of course, lies with the public. It is to purchase only branded products of firms whose names are beyond suspicion.

Let us look at another side of the food traffic. The scandal of the private slaughter-houses.

Few local authorities employ a sufficient number of health department officials to maintain adequate, regular supervision of these establishments.

The general system throughout the country is for an inspector to be advised when a killing of cattle is taking place at a slaughter-house, and to be asked to come and see the carcases.

SECRET KILLINGS CAN AND DO TAKE PLACE AT OTHER TIMES OUTSIDE THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE DISTRICT INSPECTORS, AND IT IS PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM TO SURVEY ALL THE MEAT WHICH IS DISTRIBUTED FOR SALE.

At Portsmouth, for example, there is one regular meat inspector who has to look after more than fifty slaughter-houses and 230 butchers' shops.

Many other provincial towns are in a similar position.

Evasions of the public health laws are therefore easy to the dishonest and unscrupulous. And the inspectors are in no sense to blame.

There are 16,000 private slaughter-houses in the country, and at any one diseased beasts can be brought at night, killed and despatched to shops or to factories for sausages or pies.

At many of the slaughter-houses *this is done regularly.*

We have in our possession a terribly revealing statement signed by an employee of a Yorkshire cattle slaughterer.

This man swears that quantities of unfit carcases were dealt with at the slaughter-house and disposed of afterwards to butchers in Leeds and district. He assisted in the work.

WHEN an inspector did come to the slaughter-house the meat was hidden or so treated that it was passed as sound.

On several occasions the inspector—as a kind of assurance of good faith—was shown diseased carcases, and was assured that the meat was going to the kennels of the local hunt.

Actually it went to the Leeds shops, and from there into working-class homes.

Frequently three and four animals that should have been condemned were killed and distributed in one morning.

THE OWNER OF THIS PARTICULAR SLAUGHTER-HOUSE, THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR ENDANGERING THE HEALTH OF HIS NEIGHBOURS, IS A SUBSTANTIAL, WELL-RESPECTED CITIZEN.

Remember, also, that exactly the same illegal profiteering is taking place everywhere.

Only by a revision of the public health Acts, with drastic jail penalties for delinquents and a great increase in the number of official inspectors, can this wicked trading be prevented.

There is a further—though not so serious—food racket through which you are swindled and victimised.

Customers at some restaurants constantly pay for food they do not get. An item appears on the menu, but a disguised substitute at a much cheaper price is served. The customer is robbed as blatantly as if his pocket were picked.

SUBSTITUTION is particularly notorious at certain public banquets. A caterer quotes a price of so much a head for the dinner on a set, agreed menu, but he does not deliver the goods for which he is paid. He substitutes inferior stuff, and gets away with it.

Shopkeepers must label the goods they sell with the country of origin under severe penalty. Not so the caterer and restaurant owner.

He can substitute to the extent of his conscience, and his conscience is extraordinarily elastic.

VOICE of the PEOPLE

I AM an ex-ship's officer, holding a Master Mariner's certificate. (What landsmen would call a captain's certificate.—Editor.)

I have not had a job at sea since 1930.

Although forty-two, still young enough to render good service, I have been trying in vain since the September crisis and throughout the national service appeals to help my country afloat.

I have applied to numerous shipowners, harbour authorities, the Shipping Federation, the Officers' Union, the Registrar of Shipping, the Director of Naval Recruiting, the local R.N.V.R., etc., but nobody seems to want me.—Cecil A. Moorhouse, 13, Danescourt Road, Birkenhead.

A recent return showed that many hundreds of men with captains' tickets are serving in fo'castle of British and more often foreign ships and are glad of the chance. Something has got to be done for our Mercantile Marine.

"Casualties"

That was an amusing letter in JOHN BULL about the notice on a Territorial notice-board regarding marriages, births and "other casualties."

Not every serving soldier, etc., realises, however, that anything happening in the Services that affects a man's personal life is known as a casualty, because it has to be entered on casualty forms. Marriages and births, from the Service point of view, are undoubtedly casualties. —Leo Leonard, R.A.F., Ismailia, Egypt.

An officer reader tells us that "anything affecting status is a casualty, as the dictionary makes clear." First dictionary we looked at, however, gave "Casualty: a misfortune."

Sneak-Thief

Here is an instance of A.R.P. profiteering with a vengeance.

The man who called here yesterday to check our gasmasks and take certain particulars from us asked 1s. 3d. for a tiny cardboard box containing bandages and iodine.—J. S. Ingham, Hilberoyd Road, Batley, Yorks.

No official profiteering, reader Ingham! What has happened is that Hilberoyd Road has received a visit from one of a dozen little sneak-thieves who are exploiting A.R.P., and on whom we have our eye.

Licensed Snobbery

There are public-houses in the Hammersmith district which refuse to serve soldiers, sailors or airmen in uniform in their saloon bars.

A well-known Chiswick man who happens to be a Territorial—he is a friend of mine—was a victim of this ban when proceeding home on leave the other day. Is it snobbery, or something worse? —C. B. Green, fifteen years' licensee, "The Old Pack Horse," High Road, Chiswick.

Out-and-out snobbery. Such licensees pretend that it is necessary because officers and other ranks shouldn't drink in the same bar. That's nonsense. There's nothing to stop them —except a few snob landlords.

The Old Days

Until fairly recently nearly every village used to boast its annual athletic sports meeting.

The local lads trained hard for the big day, were well supported by prominent athletes from neighbouring towns who competed at scores of similar sports over a wide area.

But in these "Keep Fit" days such meetings are dying out. These are days of physical jerks, or nerve-racking motor-cycling displays. None of them compares with good, old-fashioned running and pedal cycling.—R. F. Waddon, North Petherton, near Bridgwater.

"Divorce in Haste . . ."

JOHN BULL'S remedy for divorce muddle is common sense, but quite inadequate. We want a Divorce by Consent Bill rushed through Parliament. Where both want divorce, grant it in seven days. No questions asked. No legal charges. No fee-fattened solicitors. Let our registrars be registrars of Births, Deaths, Marriages and Divorces. Pay them your fee and get the divorce you want.—A. L. H., Westerton, Dumbarton.

Afraid we'd have to rewrite an old adage to: "Divorce in haste and repent at leisure."

Do You Remember?

Maybe an old actor will be pardoned for suggesting that the tradition of the music-hall, in avoiding any mention of politics or religion, might well be copied nowadays by film producers.

I grant that "Secrets of a Nazi Spy" is excellent entertainment, but in my young days, when I was learning my profession, I was taught that it was foolish to antagonise even the smallest section of my audience by any comment on personal beliefs or opinions.—E. Andrews, Great College Street, N.W.1.

A peep at some pre-war play titles: "M.P.," "Sins of Society," "The Cabinet Minister," "Are You a Mason?" "The Amateur Socialist," "The Dictator," "John Chilcote, M.P.," "Home Secretary," "Children of the Ghetto."

£7 12s. for 90 Hours

I was interested to read the letter in JOHN BULL about the high wages being paid in camps that are being built for the Militia. I myself work in one.

If I work ninety hours a week, with 1s. 9d. subsistence money a day, my wages as a tradesman come to only £7 12s., out of which come insurance and other allowances. But that means leaving home at 5.45 a.m. and returning at 7.30 to 8.30 p.m.

But your reader must remember that we are paying for these camps, if not directly, indirectly, by taxes, etc. So why he complains about the high wages I don't understand.—W. Boughton, Winslow, Clarendon Road, Broadstone, Dorset.

This and letters from nine other men earning between £6 and £8 a week building military camps will answer two firms of contractors who write denying such wages are paid. We admit such payments are for long hours of duty, but are we forgetting the men eating their hearts out for a job?

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

Is something angering you, amusing you, puzzling you? Then write us a letter about it. Or send us a photograph.

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published and an extra* 10s. 6d. *if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

—And Some Views of the Seaside

DON'T get your gas mask wet if you should take it to beach or holiday camp.

The contents of the container, the all-important part of the mask, are ruined by moisture. Stress this point to children.—Air Raid Warden N. Davis, Latimer Street, London, E.1.

* * *

We hadn't been in the train long (bound for the Isle of Man), when we found father hadn't locked the front door. Changing trains at Trent, we left a hat-box on the station. At Hellifield father went for refreshments and got left behind—with all our tickets.

Reaching the boarding-house before our luggage, we had to borrow night attire.

Still, we were deciding that it wasn't such a bad holiday after all as we drove to the station—and at that moment a wheel came off.—Mrs. S. L., Aspley, Nottingham.

* * *

I have just had my heartiest holiday laugh at Kilkeel, the little seaside resort—well worth a visit, by the way—in County Down.

It was a notice on the village pump:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ANY PERSON USING THIS PUMP FOR OTHER THAN DOMESTIC PURPOSES IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED FROM DOING SO. BY ORDER OF KILKEEL PARISH COUNCIL.—Robert Laughlin, Eia Street, Belfast.

* * *

Seaside shopkeepers should drive out the profiteers among their number. Then they'll all do better business.

The other day, visiting a small resort, I was in a shop when a customer observed that an excursion train had just arrived from Glasgow.

The woman owner took a "6d. Each" notice off some parasols, then priced them at 1s., observing: "Glasgow people won't grudge a shilling."—James Gillan, The Valley, Stenhousemuir, Larbert, Stirlingshire.

Millions of people are flocking by road and rail to gaze at Nature's drabbest picture—the seascape.

Those of us who live by the sea, as I do, wonder why this dismal outlook has such an evident fascination.

We prefer the fountains that are to be found in most inland towns any day of the week.—D. Metcalf, "Solvita," Avenue Road, Hunstanton.

* * *

Dozens of the South Wales miners I know can't get seaside diggings. Reason: Snobbish landladies. They send "Full Up" notices to mining towns.

One man I know, father of a family, toured Ilfracombe, was accepted by a landlady until she heard where he was from. Then she chimed in with: "How silly of me. I've made a mistake. I've no room, of course." — John Weston, Lisvane Street, Cathays, Cardiff.

* * *

Holiday-making, my wife and I went into one of those little restaurants whose proprietors are so adept at inflating the bill.

But this particular proprietor beat the band. One of the items was: "To use of plates, 2d."—A. W. Wymark, Cornick Street, Rotherhithe, S.E.

* * *

Spare a grateful thought this August for Sir John Lubbock. It was his Act of 1871 that gave Britain Bank Holidays.

The holiday idea has grown incredibly slowly since the far-off days when man didn't rest from his labours except for religious or pagan festivals, during joy days for victories or days of humiliation for disasters, or to celebrate harvest or vintage. Biggest step forward was that Act of Lubbock's.—A. S., Hammersmith, W.

* * *

My father, an engine-driver, has been in charge of the Southern Railway's most famous expresses.

Yet we can't keep him off children's miniature railways during holidays. He sits on the ridiculous little coaches with a look of smug happiness on his face and is pleased to pay for the privilege.—M. D., Brighton.

* * *

I spent a fortnight in a village. Never again.

It was ruled by squire, parson, doctor and oldest inhabitant—all little Hitlers.

A man whom I shall call Mr. Johnson, also a visitor, had to see the doctor, was asked his name. He should have replied: "Johnson." But he said, "*Mr. Johnson.*" Whereupon the doctor said sarcastically: "Take a seat, *Mr. Johnson.* In fact, take two, *Mr. Johnson.*"

Next day everybody in the village was chanting: "Pray take two, *Mr. Johnson.*"—N. T. A., Golders Green, N.

The Greatest Propaganda Machine in History is at work

What the Nazis think of YOU!

By W. J. Knop

—Economist and compiler of the amazing book, "Beware of the English," which exposes the Nazi propaganda attack on Britain. Born and educated in Germany, Mr. Knop is now a naturalised Englishman.

For nine months he has studied the Nazi-controlled Press. Now he describes the terrible effect of Goebbels' poison-pen on the ordinary German

BABIES in the mill towns of Northern England are given opium to keep them quiet while their mothers go out to work.

Did you know that?

British sportsmen rich enough to hunt abroad use native boys as bait on crocodile shoots.

Surely that is not news to you?

Nor will you be surprised to hear that our troops in Palestine always put out the eyes of Arab prisoners before executing them.

True, none of these facts has appeared in the newspapers. But to the Germans they are as familiar as are Yorkshire's fixtures to a cricket fan.

Day after day, week after week, the ordinary German has read of the amazing conduct of present-day Englishmen. His newspapers never tire of Britain's decadence.

At first his reaction was surprise. Then dislike. Then hatred.

AND with hatred a dread that these brutish Englishmen might conquer his country unless he put every ounce of his energy and his skill at the disposal of the Third Reich.

In the ten months since Munich, Dr. Goebbels, Nazi Minister for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, has got the German citizen thinking precisely what he and his Fuehrer want him to think.

THE SIMPLE-HEARTED GERMAN, KINDLY AND PEACE-LOVING, IS THE VICTIM OF THE GREATEST PROPAGANDA MACHINE IN HISTORY.

That is why he is supporting the foreign policy of Hitler and Von Ribbentrop. That is why he obeys leaders who horrify the rest of the world by their brutality, their lies and their aggressiveness.

"Mass-propaganda or the mass-production of opinion," as Mr. Eden has said, "can do more to separate one nation from another than any other factor.

"It can rouse prejudice and passion, and, if pursued over a sufficiently long time it can close the minds of its victims to all other points of view." That is exactly what is happening in Germany.

There are 2,500 newspapers, millions of wireless sets and thousands of cinemas in that country.

They are all controlled by Dr. Goebbels.

TOGETHER these means of influencing and moulding public opinion have acquired an almost unbelievable grip on the mind of the German people.

I am quite convinced that if Dr. Goebbels chose to persuade Germans that 50 per cent. of the British people are Jews and another 25 per cent. negroes he could do so successfully in less than three months.

The extraordinary "facts" I have quoted have been broadcast throughout Germany's 2,500 newspapers for several months.

The picture they give of Britain and the British can only arouse feelings of the utmost contempt, disgust and moral indignation against this country in the hearts of most Germans.

Step by step Dr. Goebbels has worked up an anti-British campaign.

In violence, hostility, misrepresentation and blind hatred it surpasses anything of the kind previously experienced in the Press of any country—not even excluding the Press campaigns of the Great War.

I can testify from personal experience to the effectiveness of this campaign.

In October last I started work on my book, "Beware of the English."

IT WAS THEN DR. GOEBBELS' JOB TO WIPE OUT THE EXISTING FEELING OF FRIENDLINESS TOWARDS BRITAIN. I DECIDED TO WATCH HIM AT WORK.

From the 2,500 newspapers writing under orders from the Berlin Ministry of Propaganda I selected twenty-five representative ones, both from a national and a regional point of view.

For nine months I had the extraordinary experience of starting my day's work with the reading of these twenty-five papers.

For a time—until the beginning of November—Dr. Goebbels' efforts seemed more amusing than effective.

He began by declaring that not all the British politicians were as friendly as Mr. Chamberlain, but that men like Churchill, Duff Cooper and Eden were lurking in the dark, intent on involving Germany in a war by hook or by crook.

SOON, however, things became less amusing.

In November Dr. Goebbels broke forth into a storm of indignation at British hypocrisy and perfidy.

The Berlin Ministry of Propaganda then set up some sort of Central Mud-Raking Bureau. Horror and atrocity stories—some of them pure inventions—of Britain's colonial record began to fill the columns of the Nazi Press.

There was not one paper which did not dwell at length on the barbaric British methods of executing Indians by blowing them from the mouths of guns.

Stories were printed about British soldiers wiping out Red Indians with the aid of bacteria-infected blankets, of Britons flogging their way to victory all over the world.

But the full strength of the propaganda storm was not reached until the German occupation of Czechoslovakia.

Believing in the principle that attack is the best form of defence, a flood of abuse was let loose against everybody and everything British.

It was at this time that the sensational stories of doping children in the North of England first saw print.

Dr. Goebbels did not stop at that. In England, he announced, babies are sold by limited companies and dogs are worth 102 times as much as the babies.

No scrap of British news that lent itself to misrepresentation was neglected.

The attacks on individual statesmen grew more and more violent the clearer it became that Britain was determined to call a halt to Hitler's policy of aggression.

Mr. Chamberlain becomes "the miserable warmonger." Mr. Churchill is "the murderer of peace among nations."

Mr. Duff Cooper is described as "more Satanic than Satan himself, the incarnate curse of this age."

At the same time every effort is made to demonstrate Britain's degeneracy, to prove that the Empire is falling to pieces, and that Britain's only hope lies in the encirclement of Germany.

This encirclement, it is pointed out, will be planned with the intention of using other nations as cannon-fodder against the peaceful German Reich.

There is no German newspaper that does not carry, at least twice or three times a week, prominent articles on life in Britain, leaving the German reader with a terrible picture of economic misery and physical and mental decadence.

He sees the Briton as a combination of hypocrisy, cowardliness, immorality and brutality.

As I was daily following my German Press, extracting the most representative articles and cartoons for inclusion in "Beware of the English," I got some idea of the powerful grip which a concerted propaganda campaign can have on people's minds.

There were days when pressure of work made it impossible for me to give more than a glance to the English Press.

I THEN BEGAN TO WONDER WHETHER, AFTER ALL, THERE WAS NOT A GOOD DEAL OF TRUTH IN WHAT DR. GOEBBELS WAS SAYING ABOUT THE BRITISH.

True, I had lived in this country for a good many years and had come to believe that I knew it and its people pretty well.

But, perhaps, I had been looking at it through rose-coloured spectacles. Perhaps I had even assumed the same deplorable outlook as the other inhabitants of perfidious Albion.

After all, there must be *something* in what the German Press is saying. . . .

Even Dr. Goebbels cannot simply invent the news that fifty Arabs had their eyes put out by British troops, that Commander King-Hall is merely a pseudonym for Lord Halifax.

Fortunately for my balance of mind I was living in Sussex and London and not in Pomerania and Berlin.

But imagine the cumulative effect of Dr. Goebbels' propaganda on the average German who has no opportunity of reading any other account of England and her people.

Temporarily, of course, this propaganda may be of advantage to the Nazi régime, because it creates a state of psychological preparedness for political and military action.

BUT it also contains an element of serious weakness. Sooner or later the German people will find out that at any rate part of the picture of the British given by Dr. Goebbels is wrong.

They will find that the British are not degenerate cowards whose Empire will fall to pieces under the blows of the German military machine. The resulting disillusionment is bound to be severe.

But things should not be allowed to go as far as this practical demonstration of the true spirit of the British Empire.

If Dr. Goebbels can succeed by the sheer force of his monopolistic propaganda machine in poisoning the mind of the German people, we, too, can do a great deal.

There is not the slightest inclination in this country to adopt Dr. Goebbels' methods.

But we can do no greater service to peace than to provide the German people with an alternative to the poison with which they are fed day by day and month by month.

Open Letters

- Minister of Ill-Health
- Good Deed's Bad Blood
- Scotland's Meanest Man
- Dancers Fit for Pigs!
- Bright Boys Kept Down

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Over the gloomy portal of your Whitehall warrens this inscription should be engraved:—

"Women and children last, not first."

For your neglect of the health of women and their youngsters is as complete as it is callous.

Even Mr. Hore-Belisha, who is no sentimentalist, puts you to shame.

By spending an extra 2½d. a day per man on special foods, he has brought underweight recruits up to standard. Only 200 of 2,900 men failed to respond to the treatment.

If this can be done for young soldiers, it could be done for other badly nourished sections of the community.

But you refuse. You keep your purse-strings tightly drawn. You give no chance to your officials who want to build an A1 nation.

You are letting die an experiment which, as I told recently, has saved the lives of expectant mothers at a cost of 13s. 4d. each—money spent on good food for them.

You urge local authorities to develop maternity and child welfare services. You give no help to those who are without the necessary funds.

Nor do you intimidate those obstinate, hard-hearted councils who resist the provision of free school meals for poor youngsters.

Why, in the whole of your vast Ministry there is no special department concerned with children's health!

Once you were the White Hope of politics; now you typify the hopelessness of black reaction.

But there is time for you to improve the reckoning you must give at the General Election polls.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. H. H. WILCOX,
St. Mary's, Berwick

DEAR VICAR,—The Good Samaritan's path is often stony, as you have found in aiding Mr. Aird, his wife and six children.

For nine years he has sought a council house. In vain.

At last he refused to pay rent because, he complained, his two-roomed house lacked sanitary conveniences, lighting, and was neither rainproof nor windproof.

Evicted, the family would have been without shelter had you not put them up in your church's young men's club, some of whose officials are loudly objecting.

But you have given the town a fine example. Carry on the good work!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. J. STOURTON, M.P.,
Salford

DEAR SIR,—Your defeat gladdens me. No doubt your intentions were harmless, but your proposal that Parliament should be prolonged for another two years would have marked a fresh encroachment on our liberties.

We have swallowed many autocratic nostrums because of force of circumstance: The Militia. Arrests without warrant. Attempts to muzzle the Press. Cabinet secrecy on vital affairs.

But when international tension slackens, we must review these un-English abominations. Meanwhile, let us beware of adding to them.—JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS GARDINER,
Director-General, Post Office

DEAR SIR,—A temporary postman has been jailed for tearing up more than 100 letters. He had twelve previous convictions for larceny!

Please explain why such men are engaged while dependable fellows who have served for many years as auxiliary postmen are still treated as outcasts—compelled to work for pittances and denied a right to a pension?—JOHN BULL.

Col. JOHN COLVILLE, M.P.,
Secretary for Scotland

DEAR SIR,—Your fellow-countrymen smile at jokes on Scottish "meanness"; they will not smile at your preposterous parsimony.

A mere £65,000 a year to revive the "distressed areas" of the Highlands and islands! £65,000 to improve piers and roads and harbours, restore the fishing industry, sweep away the jungles of bracken and plant new forests, build houses and bridges.

There is but one word for this tinkering with a nation's existence:—

Contemptible!—JOHN BULL.

Once the White Hope of politics, Mr. Walter Elliot has made the Ministry of Health the headquarters of hopeless conservatism

Councillor J. L. CUMMING,
Broadstairs

SIR,—Your insolence may have been thoughtless, but is none the less repugnant.

To make a first-class military band play for 6d. dances is like "casting pearls before swine," you think; but where is the insult to the Army?

Do not the patrons of cheap dances contribute to the upkeep of military bands? Are they not equal as citizens to the Mayfair idlers who saunter round night-club floors to the din of foreign jazz exponents?

And are the ordinary folk of Broadstairs, who helped to elect you, merely fit for pigsties?—JOHN BULL.

Sir REGINALD TOWNSEND,
Director of Ordnance Factories

DEAR SIR,—This case merits your sympathetic attention:—

A labourer at Woolwich Arsenal had his tea-can stolen. A fight ensued and he was discharged. Yet previously, he alleges, when a much more serious brawl occurred, the affair was hushed up.

The man has seven young children and has been unemployed for a long time. I think he has been punished enough; since so many additional workers are now being engaged at the Arsenal, surely he should be given his job back.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. WEATHERALL,
Eton Master

DEAR SIR,—A lack of outstanding ability in this country? Perhaps, though our age has produced men whose names deserve to live in Britain's proud records.

But beyond dispute is your afterthought: We have an enormous reservoir of ability in the great mass of working people.

After all, an intelligent and technically skilled populace is infinitely more valuable than a few men of genius in a backward community.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. R. C. MONNINGTON,
Salisbury Isolation Hospital

DEAR SUPERINTENDENT,—How you must chuckle when you read of the wonderful A.R.P. plans for hospitals!

Your hospital is very near a big aerodrome; surrounding villages are in the danger zone. Yet it has no protection against incendiary bombs or any other form of frightfulness—because the county officialdom tells you that no expenses must be incurred!

They remind me of the nervous old lady who, terrified of being knocked down, shuts her eyes when crossing a busy road.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir CHARLES LITTLE,
Chief of Naval Personnel

DEAR ADMIRAL,—You can be proud of your lads. The recall of the naval reservists to Portsmouth was a model of efficiency—but mistakes will happen.

One old pensioner of seventy-eight received his calling-up notice. Did he write to say that he was over age? No, he presented himself for examination, was given a railway warrant back home, and spent the day swapping yarns with former shipmates!—JOHN BULL.

COUNTY COUNCILS,
England and Wales

GENTLEMEN,—Change your shallow minds and end the footling and irritating system of paying your road workers by fortnightly cheque.

I have told you how wives must trudge miles to the place where their husbands are working for an endorsement, and then spend money in taverns in order to get the cheque cashed.

I have told you of other handships; you remain stubbornly deaf.

Now, lying on your clerks' table, is an appeal from the men's union. I warn you that, if you ignore it, you will be faced with trouble.—JOHN BULL.

LORD De La WARR,
President, Board of Education

MY LORD,—I give you unstinting gratitude for your new secondary school reforms—brighter lessons, fewer exams, and more practical work. And I'm proud to remember that these changes were first demanded in these columns.

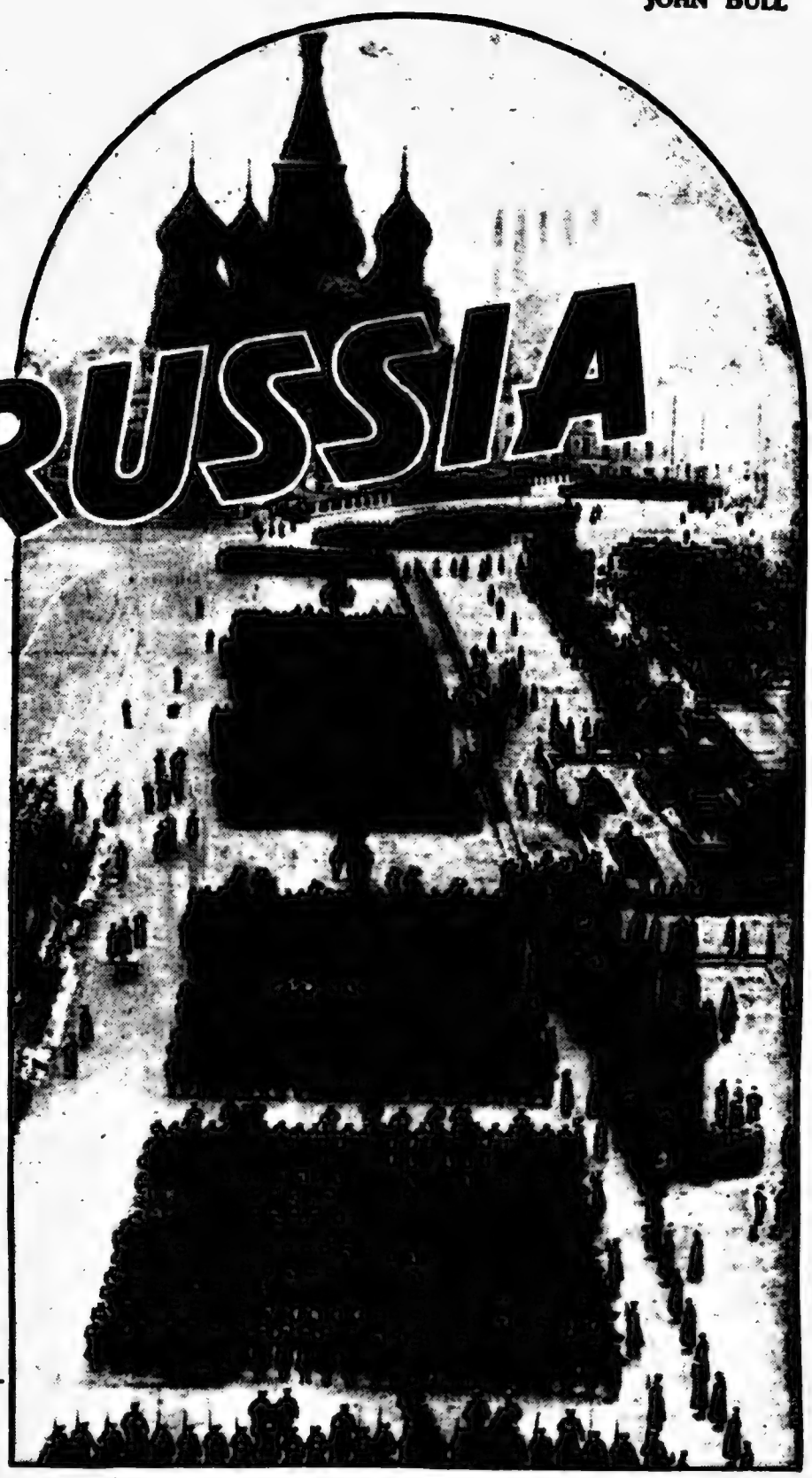
But—yes, there's a big "but."

It is monstrous that free places in these schools are restricted, so that thousands of clever but poor children are denied the chances in life given to dull youngsters whose parents are wealthy.

There can be no defence for this vicious, carking and snobbish system. It must be smashed before we can be entirely proud of Britain's education.—JOHN BULL.

Optimism is A. G. G.'s keynote this week in discussing the—

RIDDLE OF RUSSIA



Through Moscow's Red Square marches the armed might of Russia — dreaded by Hitler

PEACE or war? The next few weeks, perhaps the next few days, will decide the issue.

It is so much in the balance, it rests so entirely on the will of one man, that prophecy on that score is worthless.

We can only wait and see.

But this can be said, that, whether it is peace or war, we can face whatever awaits us with confidence as to the ultimate result.

The game of bluff is over. The gangsters are at bay and the "war of nerves" is won.

That war has ended, not as Hitler hoped it would end, but in the precisely opposite way.

He has not broken the Peace Front. He has welded it into the most formidable instrument for the defence of the liberties of men that the world has ever seen.

The crowning evidence of his failure is witnessed by the conversations now going on in Moscow between the military, naval and aerial representatives of Britain, France and Russia.

Those conversations imply that complete agreement with Russia is reached, and that, if Hitler wills war, his doom is sealed.

In the long run it would, I think, be sealed without Russia, but with the addition of this vast potentiality the Peace Front is invulnerable.

THERE HAS BEEN A DISPOSITION IN SOME QUARTERS TO "POOH-POOH" THE MILITARY EFFICIENCY OF RUSSIA, BUT THERE IS NO SUCH DISPOSITION ON THE PART OF THE "AXIS" POWERS.

A remarkable book by the Hungarian professor Dr. Ivan Lajos has just been published in English under the title "Germany's War Chances."

It contains a striking analysis of the fighting power of Russia, *based entirely on the comments of German experts published in the current war literature of Germany.*

These comments are not for public consumption, but for the information of the German Government.

ONE sentence from the book of the German General Metsch indicates the character of a score of similar comments.

He says:

"But the potentialities of the Soviet Air Fleet as regards Central Europe also reinforce Clausewitz's claim that the great size of Russia involves, whether from the point of view of defence or of attack, such enormous strength as Central Europe is incapable of opposing by any equivalent."

But the accession of Russia is only the latest and most impressive feature of the growing dominance of the Peace Front over the Axis.

Wherever you turn the balance of power is shifting to the Peace Front's scale.

Hitler has passed his zenith and is visibly declining.

He is getting no recruits, and as the prestige of the Peace Front rises his chance of doing so falls.

His one ally in Europe, Italy, is torn with internal discontents, and all the reliable news that comes from thence shows the popular hatred of the German alliance and the declining authority of Mussolini.

He has backed the wrong horse and the people know it.

He has the King against him, the army against him, and the people against him.

In the face of all this, is it conceivable that Italy will march to war to make Hitler master of Poland?

The one recruit he confidently looked for is Spain, but that desolated country has neither the power nor the will to plunge into a world war.

SO far as Europe is concerned, therefore, Hitler has isolated himself.

He has only one power on which he can rely for his adventure—Germany.

And Germany, as he knows and as we know, is seething with resentments that can be crushed and silenced in peace time, but will be released should war come.

THERE IS NOTHING MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN THE CONFESSION OF HIMMLER THAT, IN THE EVENT OF WAR, GERMANY WILL HAVE TO BE PREPARED FOR WAR ON THE HOME FRONT.

Nor is there anything more sinister than the guns that are being mounted at Vienna and elsewhere to deal nominally with the enemy abroad, but really with the enemy at home.

And if the outlook for the Axis is deteriorating in Europe it is no less so in the Far East.

The resounding blow that President Roosevelt has struck at Japan by the abrogation of her trade treaty with the United States is a momentous fact.

It comes at a time when Japan is visibly bogged in the morass of China.

Russia is harrying her flank in Manchuria. The Chinese guerrillas are slowly getting the whiphand at home.

And in her desperate financial straits she is trying to bully this country into letting down the Chinese dollar.

Roosevelt's action is a warning that her game is up.

For with the cutting off of American supplies she loses the war. That means that as a limb of the Axis she will cease to count.

It is a reminder to Hitler that behind the Peace Front there looms the immense potentiality of the United States.

That fact was not so apparent in 1914 and was disregarded by Germany as negligible, but in the end it decided the issue of the war.

And nothing is more certain to-day than that, in the same circumstances, history will repeat itself.

Neutrality law or no neutrality law, the great Commonwealth which was born, nurtured and dedicated to the cause of freedom, could not see the democracies of the world destroyed and its own liberties threatened without intervening.

But I doubt, should Hitler will war, whether that intervention will be necessary.

The balance of power between the Axis and the Peace Front is now so overwhelmingly in favour of the latter that the issue is assured.

WITH THE ACCESSION OF RUSSIA THE ADVANTAGE IN EVERY ESSENTIAL OF VICTORY — MATERIAL STRENGTH, MORAL APPEAL, FINANCE, COMMAND OF THE SEA, EVEN MAN-POWER—IS WITH THE PEACE FRONT.

Compared with 1914 Germany is weaker and the Triple Alliance is infinitely stronger.

Germany then was a great sea power, second only to us.

To-day as a sea-power she hardly counts.

Then she had not antagonised the world. To-day she is recognised as the universal enemy of mankind, a rogue elephant trampling through the jungle of Europe.

Then she had vast accumulated resources of gold and material, sufficient to wage a long war. To-day Hitler himself has confessed that he thinks in terms of months, and if he gambles will gamble only on a lightning decision. ("When I strike I shall strike like lightning—in the night.")

So Japan dreamed of a lightning decision in China!

So Franco banked on a lightning decision in Spain!

Their experience showed that lightning decisions are impossible even against relatively undefended peoples.

WHAT is their chance against the mighty defences on earth, sea and air with which Britain, France, Russia, Poland, Turkey, Rumania will meet the shock?

I see none.

If Hitler gambles he gambles to his own destruction. He can wreck Germany; but he cannot wreck Europe.

Will Germany consent to be wrecked? The issue of the struggle at Danzig will show.

We await the answer anxiously, but with absolute confidence in the result should that answer be war.

For myself, I venture a prophecy. It is that, war or no war, Hitler will have suffered the fate of all tyrants before another harvest comes round.

Started Mushroom Clubs —then Vanished

Bogus Baron's Women Dupes

PEOPLE in London, Southend-on-Sea, and elsewhere are anxiously looking for "Baron L. P. de Mumm."

The name of Mumm is famous in the wine trade, for it belongs to an old and honourable champagne firm of Rheims. But the "Baron de Mumm" has no connection with this house—not the slightest!

He just borrowed the name when he opened premises a little while ago in George Street, Mayfair, as a wine and spirit merchant.

The "Baron's" methods were simple. He obtained wines and spirits on credit, sold them to his customers—mostly dubious clubs in which he was interested—and left his creditors to whistle for their money.

Starting mushroom clubs in conjunction with a wine and spirit business is his speciality.

As far back as 1924 he started clubs without capital. But then his name was Captain Philip Timbrell Stanley.

First was the Junior Authors' Club, which shut down within three months. This was followed by the Templars' Club, and then by the Whittington Club, in the City of London.

All these became notorious. In order to raise funds "Captain" Stanley—he has no right to the rank—offered lucrative posts to men who put up cash.

Court actions resulted. Stanley became bankrupt and is still undischarged.

Girl-Wife

As "Baron de Beck and Co.," he ran a wine and spirit office in Fenchurch Street.

So, you see, "Baron" is a favourite title of his.

Here, too, he sold his wines at cheap prices, but omitted to pay his creditors.

And here enters the "Baroness de Beck."

A young girl of nineteen was duped by him, married him, believed she was a genuine Baroness until cruelly undeceived in the dock at Liverpool Police Court!

There her husband was charged with forging and uttering money orders. She was held in prison as an accomplice, but was subsequently discharged.

At the trial, Stanley pleaded guilty and asked for nine other cases to be taken into account.

He got nine months. The girl-wife, disillusioned, broken in health and spirit, returned to her mother.

Other women have been duped by him —in some cases financially.

Tried Gun-Running

At George Street, besides the wine and spirit fraud, the "Baron de Mumm" was engaged in an abortive gun-running plot. The firm closed down suddenly when the police began to make pointed enquiries.

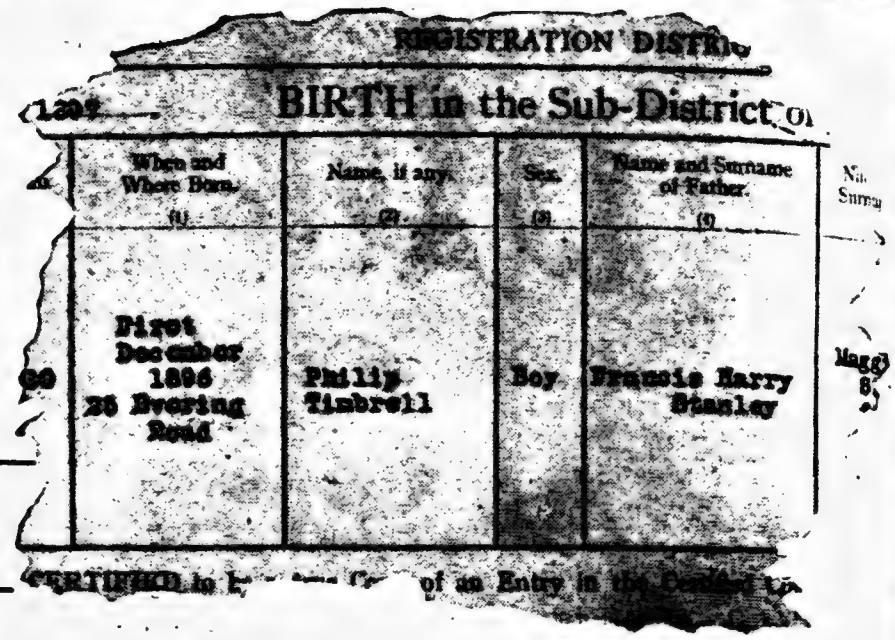
Some time previously, with at least one other ex-convict, he opened a bogus business with elaborate premises in Regent Street. Again the old trick, Sudden disappearance owing large sums.

For this he was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

Then he descended into the more petty realms of crime by stealing golf clubs and a gold watch from a well-known club in Sussex, for which he served another term.

This unscrupulous adventurer was lately very busy in Southend—until he disappeared.

As his activity will no doubt be renewed in some other district, the public should be on its guard against this sham "Baron."


REGISTRATION DISTRICT

1897 BIRTH in the Sub-District of

When and Where Born. (1)	Name, if any. (2)	Sex. (3)	Name and Surname of Father. (4)
First December 1896 26 Evering Road	Philip Timbrell	Boy	Francis Harry Stanley

CERTIFIED to be a true Copy of an Entry in the Certified Copy

"Baron de Mumm's" birth certificate shows the less romantic name of Stanley

Man with Scar Still Swindling

THOUGH he can be identified by a scar over his left eye and a right-hand finger without a nail, a university man turned swindler is cleverly eluding arrest.

In various poses, and constantly changing his name, he is travelling from place to place, obtaining goods by all kinds of tricks.

The assumed names of "Crane," "Poole" and "Ashley" are among those he uses.

Curiously, people he has defrauded don't seem to have noticed his scar and nailless finger.

But most remarkable is the way he dupes tradesmen.

* * *

Their usual caution appears to be forgotten when this tall, distinguished-looking man, aged about fifty, orders goods, and requests that they should be sent to his hotel.

Nearly always he selects things which can be readily turned into cash. But so disarming is his manner that even this does not arouse suspicion.

In most cases, he first approaches estate agents and explains that he is looking for a house where he intends to live with his daughter.

Sometimes he is a retired colonel just home from the Colonies. Or, with equal ease, he's a retired doctor or a Government official.

He is never at a loss for a masquerade likely to impress.

Then, having booked rooms at the best local hotel, he is ready for his raids on the shops.

He mentions, quite casually, the name of the estate agents who are fixing up a house for him; and, having found out about prominent people in the neighbourhood, he nonchalantly gives the impression that he is acquainted with them.

By the time the tradespeople begin to be worried about payment he has vanished. Or, if payment had been made, they find the cheque is worthless.

* * *

What might seem incredible in the ordinary way is an accomplished fine art in the hands of this cheat.

One of his recent hauls was from a big London stores, and, among other things, he has got away with gold cigarette-cases and pieces of jewellery.

This is only part of his swindling. He has also secured money from wealthy women to whom he has posed as a widower.

And he has been in jail several times! But he keeps quiet about that.

Public Benefactor

EVERYBODY knows how greatly I appreciate the assistance and co-operation of JOHN BULL readers in my task of exposing real cases of injustice and the unmasking of rogues.

An award of £1 1s. is paid weekly to the reader whose information in my opinion is most likely to be of value.

This week, Mr. J. F. Beech, 20, King's Avenue, Belswain's Park, Hemel Hempstead, receives the £1 1s.

Do not hesitate to write to me on any matter, big or small, which in your opinion justifies enquiry.

Remember that there are many injustices which cry aloud for redress; many dishonest tricks and financial swindles; wrongs committed by those in high positions and those screened behind anonymity; and cruelty too often hushed up.

Please address your letters to me personally:

Sir Wyndham Childs, JOHN BULL, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

And don't forget to mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Where's the Justice?

I AM sorry it was deemed necessary that W. Ellis, of Stepney, should have been given one month's hard labour by Mr. Harris, the Stipendiary at Thames Police Court.

Unemployed and on the dole, with a wife and six children, Ellis made the slip—if slip it were—of taking on a spare-time job at 4s. a day.

He claimed that he had twice told the counter clerk at the Employment Exchange of his temporary employment.

But when the officials were aware of this odd-time job they deducted 26s. from his unemployment pay at the rate of 13s. per week.

As he had received only 16s. in all from his extra employment it might have been supposed that he had been sufficiently punished even if his plea were not accepted.

Every penny counts in this household. Rent and other necessary outgoings left a mere 18s. to supply food for a family of eight.

* * *

When Ellis was charged he had found a permanent job after long unemployment. Now he has probably lost it.

His wife had to pawn her wedding-ring and other cherished possessions to provide food for hungry mouths whilst her man was making mailbags in Wormwood Scrubs. Nevertheless, the family almost starved to pay the rent.

Ellis was a first offender. A pity that the magistrate, in view of circumstances, was unable to give the man the benefit of the First Offenders Act and place him on probation.

As it is, his wife and children have to pay the penalty.

Child Pays with Life

ANOTHER little child has been horribly sacrificed because the Southern Railway's fencing along its permanent way proved to be inadequate.

Five-year-old Terence O'Mara, of Mill Lane, Lyminster, near Littlehampton, climbed on to the railway line, was electrocuted, struck by a train, and terribly mutilated.

Evidence showed that it was easy for children to get through the wire fence. One witness said she fetched her own child and two toddlers after they had done so.

In returning a verdict of "accidental death," the jury added a rider that in a built-up area there should be a higher fence with more protection.

Last year, when a child of four was electrocuted on the Southern Railway, JOHN BULL demanded fences that could neither be bent apart nor crawled under.

This policy has partly been carried out. It should be extended, or more young children's lives may be lost.

WEEKLY WARNINGS

MAYFAIR HOSTESS IN STAGE FIASCO

BEHIND the fiasco of a stranded theatrical company, that had to sing in a tavern to buy a meal, is a "beautiful Society woman."

She's often in the news. She's said to be a Fairy Godmother to down-and-outs.

But I am not among those who regard her career as a shining example to warm-hearted leaders of the aristocracy.

It all began, apparently, when she set out for a walk from her "Mayfair mansion" one morning and tripped over a down-and-out asleep in a doorway.

Filled with compassion for "Forgotten Men," Mrs. Adrienne Scott-Dorrien at once decided to devote her life to helping social outcasts.

Mr. Gladwyn Clements, a journalist and publicity agent who was formerly associated with her, is my authority for this romantic story.

He wrote all about it in one of the big Sunday papers.

Anyhow, St. Peter's Kitchen opened in Peter Street, Soho, near St. Peter's Church, with the object of providing free meals to any unfortunates who cared to go there—and "no questions asked."

But Mrs. Scott-Dorrien did not claim that her St. Peter's Kitchen venture was bound up with any church or religious organisation. Indeed, Mr. Clements—who incidentally has been mixed up with many charity enterprises himself—thought that she chose the name because her secretary's first name was Peter!

He is Peter Horsburgh, so the "Saint" must have crept in by accident.

Another St. Peter's Kitchen was opened later at 5, Garrick Street, W.C.2.

Collectors are not voluntary and were paid for their services.

Mrs. Scott-Dorrien issues appeals in the Personal columns of the Press. She asks the public to Give Freely and Without Question.

As accounts are not published, there is no means of knowing what revenue is obtained.

But she doesn't mind publicity on other matters.

Mrs. Scott-Dorrien, who has received much publicity of a laudable kind, figured rather badly in the North Country some little time ago.

St. Peter's Kitchen sent a number of blankets, with a gratuitous gesture, to Jarrow's poor. These articles were—at first—received with glad thanks.

Then a sensation was caused in the Mayor's parlour.

It was discovered that this Society Beauty had in the meantime issued a circular seeking funds on a large scale. In it she said that when she went to the distressed areas, Jarrow and Sunderland in particular, she was appalled by the misery which lurked in every street.

The appeal was "written up" in the most extravagant language.

The Mayor made a public criticism of the way she had issued it—she specifically asked for £1,000 in subscriptions—and he added that she had made it "in the worst taste."

Called in propaganda "The Woman Santa Claus," she scarcely shone in that rôle when, styling herself "Marian Stirling," with Peter Horsburgh as "Peter Kent," she was concerned with the promotion of a repertory season at the Grafton Theatre.

A revue called "The Merry-go-Round" certainly failed to live up to its title so far as the artistes were concerned.

Left utterly stranded, they had to "pass the hat round" after singing at a near-by public-house in order to get food.

And they are still without the salaries owing to them.

Irregularities in the conduct of some of the producers led to action by the Lord Chamberlain against "Peter Kent" and others, and a prosecution followed, with heavy fines.

Cheques drawn by Peter Horsburgh were dishonoured. One employee, now destitute, finally sued Mrs. Scott-Dorrien and Peter Horsburgh. Though awarded £47 19s. 6d., he has not been able to collect the money.

These activities seem strangely out of harmony with the conduct of a charity for the relief of the destitute and the needy.

Mrs. Scott-Dorrien selects blankets for the poor. But what will she give to the stranded members of her theatrical company?

Uncle Lionel's Racket

"A SHADY-LOOKING individual and not a clergyman," despite his semi-clerical attire—as a reader describes him—is hawking around a publication entitled "Uncle Lionel's Children's Hour."

He sells it, miraculously, for 1s.

It would be dear at 4d.

For many years touts, miscalled "Missioners," have paraded religion in this way.

Behind it stands an institution known as the Evangelistic Association, whose headquarters are at 317, City Road, London, E.C.1. Its objects are vague and indefinite.

"Uncle Lionel" appears to be a "Rev. Lionel Barras," or "Pastor" Barras.

When invited to explain the objects of the Association, Pastor Barras then replied that it was a "business," registered as such, and its finances were solely the concern of the partners, of whom he is principal.

So far from being a religious or missionary body it is nothing but a ramp. Its salesmen, masquerading in clerical attire, are paid a commission of 50 per cent. on sales.

No balance-sheets are available of the Association. A business partnership is not obliged to publish a balance-sheet, but with a charity it is highly desirable to do so.

These bogus clergymen trade entirely by deceiving the public.

When they call, show them the door.

"200—1 Sportsman" Chooses New Name

DESPITE his incorrigible bounce, J. Gower Cavendish, alias Harold Johnson—who offers to pay 200 to 1 to clients who name six losing horses—is showing signs of wilting.

Perhaps it's not surprising. For in a recent High Court action, where a woman client alleged fraud, Lord Justice Scott ordered the papers to be forwarded to the Public Prosecutor.

Which is enough to make even Mr. Cavendish droop.

Moreover, the learned judge caustically remarked that the complicated rules Cavendish laid down meant: "Heads I win, tails you lose."

* * *

Hinting at the adverse verdict as having "recently become involved in a most distressing set of circumstances," Cavendish now offers to review "any proper claim."

If "review" means that he will disgorge the cash obtained from his clients, it will be all to the good.

But chameleon-like Cavendish is apparently blossoming forth at the same old game under another name, the "Daily Empire Sports Corporation," of 177a, West End Lane, London, N.W.6.

The D.E.S.C. claim to be "Pioneers of the famous six losing horse coupon," and boast the motto, "Winnings on your breakfast table."

Although Cavendish seeks to inspire fresh confidence in himself with the latest circular issued from his office in 291-293, Edgware Road, JOHN BULL repeats its recent warning—

"SHUN ALL HIS SPURIOUS SCHEMES"

MR. GOLDMAN has allurement.

Bearing the high-sounding title of Governing Director of the National Confectionery Industry, Ltd., of Regent Street, London, W., which teaches women how to make confectionery at home, his honeyed phrases seem to deserve a better cause.

"Surely you want to take advantage of this opportunity of entering on the delightful money-making career of producing Home-Made Confections," he writes ecstatically to a reader who has ignored previous letters.

Enclosed with it are nine additional appeals, some in full colour. One depicts a fortunate pupil of Mr. Goldman with a handbag containing bank-notes.

Above her head, in big type, are the words, "The Satisfaction of a Sound Big Balance."

Who would dispute it? But she won't get it Mr. Goldman's way.

The housewife stands no earthly chance of competing with the great sweet and delicacy manufacturers in the market.

And Mr. Goldman wants £6 6s. for tuition by post—£5 5s. cash—with a few inexpensive tools thrown in. A diploma makes up the balance.

I strongly advise all women receiving Mr. Goldman's insidious literature to pass it on to the dustman.

Watch 'em!

"NOW you know why we can afford to make the above remarkable offer," says S. Andrews, gushing over the "Newyn" System from 91, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. "The offer is £20 for YOU."

First you must remit £1 for the "Newyn" System, and though you are let off losses for the first week your money for the "Newyn" System book has gone west in any case.

It is just another of Miss Winifred Maud Amsbridge's exuberant betting circulars to trap the unwary. She sends them out under many dubious names and addresses. Forget them!

Preposterous Pills

Nurse Challoner Co., of Hyde Heath, Amersham, Bucks, is still sending out multiple letters to induce gullible persons who would like to add to their height to buy its pills.

Expensive pills! "One Box Treatment" at 25s. is sent—and one box is suppose to add stature immediately.

H'm! If they send the money it is more likely to add to their experience of human frailty, I fear.

Ask a Policeman

Two well-dressed and plausible men have been busy at Perivale, Middlesex, ostensibly seeking lodgings and willing to pay a good price. While one plies the landlady with questions, the other prowls around and lays hands on all cash and valuables.

One is said to be tall, the other short. And the long and short of it is that any landlady visited by these undesirables should at once notify the police.

Dog-Snatchers

Look out for dog-snatchers! Latest trick of a gang who grab pets almost under their owners' noses is to lurk in a car where dogs are taken for a run—usually a common or public park—and there they vanish.

Pedigree dogs are their goal. They readily find buyers through a clearing-house.

The practice is especially rampant on London's Clapham Common and Tooting Bec, also in Regent's Park.

So—don't let your pets stray.

Just a year ago this month an Act of Parliament designed to give 22,000,000 workers holidays with pay received the Royal Assent.

Eleven million haven't got their holidays with pay yet. Quibbles within their industries stand in the way.

But a million farm workers have. Many, as a result, have just left their farms for the first time in their lives.

May obstructionists, who are holding up holidays with pay in other industries, read about it—and become too human to obstruct.

Their First Holiday

This was Isaac Stock's first glimpse of the sea—at Clacton. He had to wait till he was fifty-nine for his holiday

IT won't be easy for a townsman to understand this story.

To him, the farm labourers' holidays-with-pay concessions will seem not to have been worth fighting for.

Apart from Bank Holidays—which not all farm workers get—no worker in agriculture is given more than seven days of holidays-with-pay in the course of a year. And very few workers get more than three days off consecutively.

The Lincolnshire waggoners who get four days' holiday, with four daily wages of 6s. 11d. to jingle in their pockets—27s. 8d. in all!—are pretty well the aristocrats of the countryside.

But what do *they* think about it? That, after all, is the main point.

Let us ask one or two who have just tasted the joys of holidays-with-pay for the first time in their lives.

There's Isaac Stock—at least we'll call him that. He doesn't want his name given. Sufficient that we were introduced to him by his union.

Says Isaac. . . .

I have just been to Clacton with the missus. At fifty-nine I saw the sea for the first time in my life.

For the first thirty years of my working life I was in the same cowshed at half-past five every morning.

Then—in 1924, I think it was—our union got Bank Holidays for us. Leastways, the farmer had to give us Bank Holidays or so much extra money that it usually paid him to give us the day off.

SO since 1924, I have been in the same cowshed at 5.30 every morning except Bank Holiday mornings.

And at last, for the first time in my life, I have had three mornings in succession away from that shed and those cows.

What happened, in its proper order, is that the boss came to me and told me I could take my three days off as from Saturday week.

We worked out our money, the missus and me, and found out we could knock up our holiday pay of sixteen bob to about two pounds. Then the farmer gave us an extra five bob, and we were in clover.

We went to Clacton by motor coach.

According to the missus, I was criticising other people's farming all the way to the sea.

"Can't get your mind off your job," she says. "I reckon those people who say working people are happier at work are right."

She didn't realise what a holiday it can be if you are able to criticise other people's work.

I'm glad we could go to a cousin of the missus's, otherwise, from what I heard about lodgings when I got there, we wouldn't have been able to afford to stay.

Oh, I enjoyed the sea all right. I found a Northampton farm labourer there. He was staying at a boarding-house, but I think from what my wife says that his missus must have had money.

We got pally and talked a lot about farming. That didn't please the women.

He was a gay sort, but he's only about thirty. He went on the racing cars and the dodgems and made a fine old mess up, but not me. Besides, a tanner still buys a fair amount of baccy.

I liked the fair, but I didn't go on things like the missus. She'd have been bounced black and blue if she'd had the money.

As for me, I could have talked farming to that Northampton lad for a week. In fact, it ought to have been a week.

* * *

And now for Fred James, thirty, and the father of two children. They went to Chelmsford for three days.

"I've promised the kids it'll be Yarmouth next year, because they haven't seen the sea, and young Sid—he's six years old—wants to be a sailor," said Fred. But the money don't run to the seaside this year.

But I was able to visit a cattle market. That was the best treat for me. The wife put in three solid days talking to her sister, where we stayed. And the youngsters had their cousins to play with.

I DON'T THINK THE WIFE AND THE YOUNGSTERS WILL EVER STOP TALKING ABOUT IT. IT WAS THREE DAYS IN HEAVEN.

The missus is already planning for next year.

The union got me 1s. 6d. a week rise last year. In future, she says she's going to try to put that on one side. Then she's got plans to get two bob a week with her needle. Perhaps she's a bit too hopeful.

Anyhow, with any luck at all it'll be Yarmouth next year. If it isn't, the kids'll have something to say. . . .

FINALLY, Waggoner Giffiths, staunch "Yellowbelly"—"Yellowbelly" being, apparently, the Fen man's way of describing himself—who never saw Skegness, his county's own Blackpool, until last month.

"In fact, I wouldn't have seen the sea at all if they hadn't sent me to France in the war," he says.

In twenty-two years of farm work, Giffiths has never had a longer holiday break than 1½ days, apart from a fortnight—with 'flu—which wasn't no holiday."

High-spot of his life has been an occasional visit to a local fair.

But as for Skegness: "I shouldn't think London has got a bigger fair," he says. "And it's there for months—all through the summer, in fact."

Bigger miracle still is Butlin's holiday camp. "Talk about the girls you see there—well, I wish I were younger. Even the missus admired them, and she doesn't often have many nice things to say about modern young women.

"SHE wasn't half pleased when she saw them after their swimming. She didn't even complain about their new-fangled bathing costumes. That was because their make-up had washed off.

"Don't tell me they don't look prettier without their paint and whitewash," she says.

Final conclusion of Waggoner Giffiths: "I reckon my missus deserved that holiday. She has deserved it all through her hard-working married life.

"I reckon my three kids deserve it, too, and yet I had to leave them at home. The money didn't run to it. I don't see that it ever will, until they start earning. Then they won't really know the seaside as kids without any cares."

There, then, are three simple holiday stories. The people who tell them say there isn't much in them. Decide that for yourself.

There is more in them, in our opinion, than all the tedious speeches of the people who are holding up the holidays with pay of eleven million working people and their families.

Those simple words are an urge to push on until holidays with pay—and substantially more than three days a year—are the right of every worker in this realm.

Human Machine

This Freedom

THE world to-day is full of talk about "freedom" and "liberty." We all use these words glibly enough. How many of us really understand what they mean? How many really know what they imply?

It is very easy for human beings to be swayed by phrases. It is very difficult to analyse a phrase, think it out and see what lies behind it.

SHAKESPEARE

Yet, unless you are willing to be at the mercy of the first glib-tongued person you meet, that is exactly what you must do all the time.

Now, freedom and liberty are high-sounding words. They come, as Shakespeare said, "trippingly off the tongue," and they induce a nice comfortable feeling.

But that isn't enough. If they mean anything, they have a meaning that can be translated into practice. They mean something in terms of ordinary everyday life.

Let us treat this problem like any other and reduce it to its simplest terms.

Imagine a community of only two people, A and B. Does liberty mean that A and B can each do exactly as he pleases? Not at all. That is not liberty. That is licence.

A can do as he pleases so long as it does not interfere with B. So can B—so long as he does not interfere with A.

That is to say that the first essential of liberty must be consideration for others. It implies a community of interest—not an isolated state of selfishness.

Now it follows that the more you add to the community, the more you must practise tolerance, consideration, self-control, self-discipline, willingness to do social instead of anti-social acts.

It is clear that true liberty can only be enjoyed within the circle of law and order.

True liberty, in fact, is very restricted freedom. That sounds paradoxical, but it is undeniably true.

It is a social ideal, not a narrow individualistic idea.

To do what you like—as long as what you do contributes to the betterment of the community in which you live—is the ideal you should always strive to attain.

HALDANE — Human Guinea-Pig!

WANTING to discover how the *Thetis* victims died, anyone else would have gone to the Admiralty and said, "Lend me a dozen bluejackets."

The Admiralty would have answered, "You can have a hundred if you like." Then there would have spread across the world the story of the heroism of the British Fleet.

But Jack Haldane isn't like that. For his experiments, he chose four members of the International Brigade, lovers of liberty whom he had seen fighting in Spain, working-men of the type he had seen dying for nothing.

He and they put themselves into a gas-filled chamber and watched their own sufferings so that a mystery might be solved.

Jack Haldane, you see, doesn't belong by instinct to the Might and Privilege of this world. Although he is born of a distinguished Scottish family of which Lord Haldane was a member, he throws in his lot with the common people.

It is with them that he mixes. It is with them that, on the platform, he speaks. He is a "Comrade."

YET, had he chosen the other path, any honours might have been his.

For he possesses not only a big brain but a colossal courage. To him, going into a gas-filled chamber was merely another little experiment.

HE WAS ONLY THREE YEARS OLD WHEN FIRST HE ENDURED THAT KIND OF THING. HIS FATHER USED HIM AS A HUMAN GUINEA-PIG!

The elder Haldane, who had a position at the Home Office, was a biologist who specialised in industrial diseases, and was the world's greatest authority of how mining, for instance, affected the respiratory organs—causing such ailments as silicosis—experimented on his own son.

"At the age of three," Jack Haldane himself has said, "he began taking samples of blood from me. At four, I was taken underground. At eight, I went into mines where it was hot, and was asked to breathe funny gases."

One day his father took him into a disused pit in North Staffordshire, in order to experiment with a safety lamp.

When the light popped and then went out. "That," said the elder Haldane, "indicates fire damp, which is lighter than air."

To prove this to his son, he made him stand up close to the roof and recite, "Friends, Romans, countrymen. . . ."

"BY the time I was half-way through, or even before, I knew that fire damp was lighter than air," said Jack.

When the elder Haldane disagreed with the official Navy view that it was dangerous for divers to go down 40 feet without training, they said to him, "It is all very well for experienced men like you. . . ."

So he made young Jack, then aged thirteen, go down in a diving suit, with the result that, after staying down for half an hour and liking it, the boy found he could not get up again because his suit was full of water.

The water had entered through the sleeves of a diving suit made to fit a fully-grown A.B., but not a boy of thirteen.

So when, years afterwards, we read that Professor Jack Haldane had risked death by performing on himself experiments which it would have been illegal had animals been used, we were surprised—but, to Jack Haldane, it was nothing.

He induced spasms in himself in order to find a cure for convulsions in babies. To find a cure for diabetes, he allowed himself to be "acidised"—this produced an artificial diabetic condition—and was then operated on without an anaesthetic so that he and his colleagues could make observations and tests.

This sort of thing has gone on all his life.

When, during the Spanish war, I met him in Barcelona, he chaffed me for driving about in an official car while he was going hiking along the roads.

He did not mention, though, that when in Madrid he had entered a gas chamber to test Spanish-made gas-masks against mustard gas and remained there until he became ill.

To him that was in the usual day's work.

Jack Haldane, with a passion for Liberty, had gone to Spain to advise the Government on how to resist air-raids by the German and Italian bombers.

He lived as one of the people, sleeping in their cottages; sharing, in the trenches, risks with the International Brigade, examining the air-raid shelters, making himself, indeed, what he is to-day—Europe's greatest authority on A.R.P.

You would have thought that, when he came home, the Government would have welcomed his advice, grasped his co-operation, listened to his expert knowledge.

But no! He had to write a book on the subject. He had to travel about the country, warning local authorities by means of public meetings. He had to write articles in the Press.

Here was a man of unblemished honesty of purpose, a man with a mind. Yet he was left to be an outside critic.

Most men would have become angry. Most men would merely have attacked the Government. Jack Haldane's desire was still to help.

"Don't remain outside A.R.P.," I have heard him tell meetings. "Get inside and make yourself efficient, and, by so doing, make A.R.P. more efficient."

HE argues still for bomb-proof shelters. He has seen them, as I have, in Valencia and Barcelona. He knows that they are the only protection from the air. The Government will not find the money.

NOW, AS A LAST DESPERATE WAY OF TESTING THE EFFICIENCY OF WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED, JACK HALDANE HAS ACTUALLY OFFERED HIMSELF TO THE GOVERNMENT AS A LIVING TARGET FOR AIR-BOMB EXPERIMENTS

His plan is to occupy an A.R.P. blast-proof shelter, to note his own reactions and the behaviour of delicate instruments while bombs are exploded some distance away.

He wants to endure all that the human body can endure—to stand in a shelter while bombs are exploded nearer and nearer until no longer can he stand the concussion and the mental strain.

They are using animals for this sort of thing now. Jack Haldane offers himself.

"My experiments would give the public confidence in the shelters," he says.

Animals, especially goats, have been used. Jack, I suppose, believes he would be as useful as at least two goats.

Well, the Haldane family are used to argument. Jack's father was often in trouble.

Naomi Mitchison, Jack's sister, wrote not long ago a book for children which annoyed bishops very much because it told too much truth.

The great Lord Haldane who, before the war, said: "Germany is my spiritual home," meaning he had been brought up on the teachings of philosophers like Kant, found the phrase sneeringly used against him, even after the Territorial Army of his creation had helped to save Britain.

MIND you, Jack is saved by his sense of humour. Not long ago, after reading about "a valuable new substance discovered in America that would make millions of people unconscious in the event of war," he wrote to a manufacturing chemist: "Are you aware that Ethynol is being produced in quantities sufficient to render millions of people unconscious, at Munich and Burton-on-Trent?"

That started another scare until Jack explained, "Ethynol is the scientific word for alcohol which, I believe, is to be found in what is vulgarly called beer."

You can try this out by going into the "Blue Pig" and asking for a bottle of Ethynol. They won't understand. . . .

I remember once when I was sharing, in the Battersea Town Hall, a platform with Haldane, Jimmy Maxton and Saklavala, touching Jack on the left arm. He started and uttered a protest. I suppose he had been experimenting on himself and was still suffering from the effects.

Scientists are always being blamed, nowadays, for poison gas and for all the destructive agencies which are holding the world in terror.

The truth is that the scientist is never to blame. He merely discovers something. Then Mankind, instead of using it for a benevolent purpose, misapplies it, and makes it destroy, whereas it might be used to save.

That is not the fault of Science.

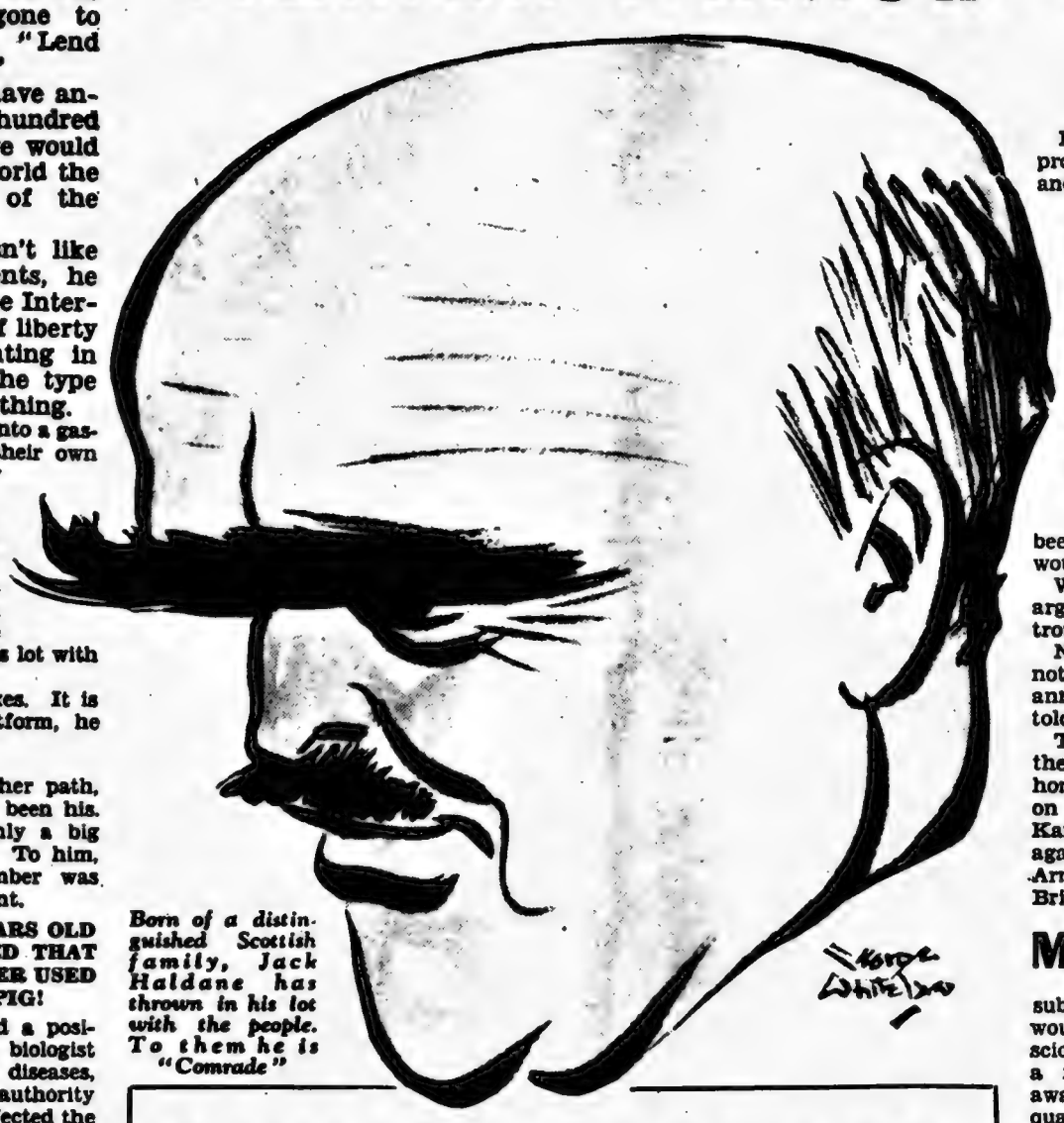
Haldane's whole life is devoted to ameliorative causes. He sees, too, that whereas there is only blundering we need a Plan.

He hates Fascism and all the means by which mankind would be enslaved. He goes on platforms everywhere, denouncing Tyranny.

For this he has been assaulted by Fascist toughs. For this, if need be, he is prepared to die.

His life is an inspiration to many. And yet he lays no laurels round his own self. Nor does he put on side.

He is merely a "comrade."



Born of a distinguished Scottish family, Jack Haldane has thrown in his lot with the people. To them he is "Comrade"

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

By A SPECIAL "JOHN BULL" INVESTIGATOR who went to the War Office to find how Militiamen's difficulties are being treated.

This scene in a Militia camp shows the mud is there — but the right spirit is there too

POSERS for the WAR MINISTER

YOUR Parliamentarians have gone on a two-months' holiday.

They left Westminster in a drizzle of gabble and mutter about the consequences of the biggest thing they have done this Session—the creation of the New Armies, with conscription as their mainstay.

They thought they had done their duty after some light-hearted talk about mud-covered training camps and about the relative values of home and foreign eggs for the troops' breakfast diet.

How remote the legislators are from reality if they suppose the temporary discomfort in the camps or the origin of the Army's food supplies is the chief cause of contention in the ranks!

What a rude awakening they would have if, as penance, they were made to spend part of their holiday at the desks of the administrative officials in Whitehall who have to deal with the true reasons for unhappiness in the Services.

What a surprise they would get at the desks of the harassed officers and civil servants who are left to grapple with the sad problems of the hardships of soldiers' families.

Those are the problems starkly portrayed in the letters that come daily to the special department which JOHN BULL has organised to advise and assist Service men and their dependants.

ALL of them are problems which should never have arisen—would not have arisen if Parliament had done its work adequately with a greater sense of justice and compassion.

AT THE ROOT OF THEM ALL IS THE EXTRAORDINARY FACT THAT THERE IS NO UNIFORMITY IN THE SYSTEM OF GRANTING ALLOWANCES TO THE DEPENDANTS OF MEN ON SERVICE.

When granted, these allowances are small enough in all conscience. But the real trouble is that there are different laws and regulations for each class of soldier—Regular, Reservist, Militiaman and Territorial.

One gets them by right, another by favour or concession, a third is denied them altogether.

This week, armed with samples of the widespread distress made known to JOHN BULL's Advice Department, I went among Whitehall officials to test the machinery which is ironing out the "human" difficulties that are blackening the background of the New Armies.

I found the machine creaky. So much so that, from close inspection, it seemed that it might break down but for the devotion of these men to their jobs.

Their sympathetic understanding of conditions in the working-class homes from which the New Armies are mainly drawn keeps the machine going.

So does their ingenuity in contriving to do the utmost for Service-men's dependants within the mean and narrow limits imposed by Parliament.

Right away, I found remarkable evidence of drastic makeshift devices being used in an almost desperate effort to make good the botched work of Parliament.

FOR instance, the Government was apparently blind to the fact that, in calling out Reservists for two or three months' service—another large contingent has to report next week—provision would have to be made for the dependants of these men, such as parents whom they maintain in civil life.

No legislative protection at all is given for them, as has been done for the dependants of Militiamen.

For all Authority seemed to care, they could become paupers while their sons were away on service.

Now, I discovered, Treasury sanction has been given by letter to pay allowances to Reservists' dependants.

The legality of this haphazard arrangement, welcome though it must be, is very doubtful. One day the Government auditors will have some nasty questions to ask about it.

Blame the weather, says the Government when asked to explain muddy conditions at most of the camps

The soldiers and their dependants, however, have still no statutory right to these allowances. They are given only as a kind of privilege and at the discretion of the War Minister.

They may be granted to one batch of men called out, refused to the next, varied or stopped altogether at any time.

It is disgraceful that these soldiers, virtually the backbone of the British Army, should have no real legislative safeguards for their kith and kin who rely on them for support.

And it is monstrous that not the smallest thought seems to have been given to the position of the dependants of Territorial soldiers who are being called up for special duties in connection with the country's defence plans against air attack.

For them there is nothing at all.

With the best will in the world, the Whitehall officials have been unable, owing to the rigid law, to find any method to get justice done for these victims of the defence programme.

Again, it is a case of driving them to the humiliation of seeking their means of existence from the poor law.

Or, if they do not submit themselves to this degradation, to compel them to live on their savings or on the private charity of friends.

I asked pointblank for an official explanation of this tragic meanness.

The reply sounded as cruel as it was stupid.

"Why," it was demanded, "should the authorities have to maintain the relatives of a Territorial soldier any more than a private employer is expected to maintain the relatives of his workmen?"

How absurd! A man's civilian wage or salary ordinarily allows him to support his dependants in some measure.

How can a Territorial, with 14s. a week (less compulsory pay deductions and stoppages) be expected to do so?

When I mentioned this simple fact I was met with another silly argument.

"OH," IT WAS SAID, "THE GOVERNMENT'S VIEWPOINT THEN IS THAT THESE MEN HAVE MADE A BARGAIN WITH THE STATE. THEY MAY THINK IT IS A BAD BARGAIN —BUT THEY MUST FULFIL IT."

Nonsense.

No Territorial soldier could have expected on enlistment that, as part of his bargain, he would be expected to serve on what is virtually a war-footing in peacetime.

The Government itself never foresaw such a contingency. Six weeks ago it had to produce special legislation to cope with it.

If the possibility of being called out in peacetime had ever entered a young soldier's mind he would in any case have supposed that some provision would be made for his dependants, just as the Government would be compelled to give it in the event of general war mobilisation.

So the official declaration that Territorials must make the best of their bargain, whatever its consequences on their parents and other dependants, is not only foolish. It is callous.

* * *

NEXT week JOHN BULL's investigator will tell more about Whitehall's reactions to our campaign to win justice for the families and dependants of Service men.

Meanwhile, hundreds of individual enquiries from our readers with menfolk called up or likely to be eligible for service are being answered by post.

If anyone is in doubt on any point, send particulars, as concisely as possible, to: Free Advice Department, JOHN BULL, 22, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking envelope "Services" in top left-hand corner. Please also enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

50,000 Facts for You

KIPLING once wrote, in explaining his success in life: "I had six honest serving men who taught me all I knew. Their names were How and Why and When, and Where and What and Who."

The great writer knew how essential it was to have at his finger-tips answers to the thousands of questions that arise in this modern world.

Everyone can have that knowledge now through JOHN BULL'S magnificent new presentation, "EVERYBODY'S BOOK OF FACTS."

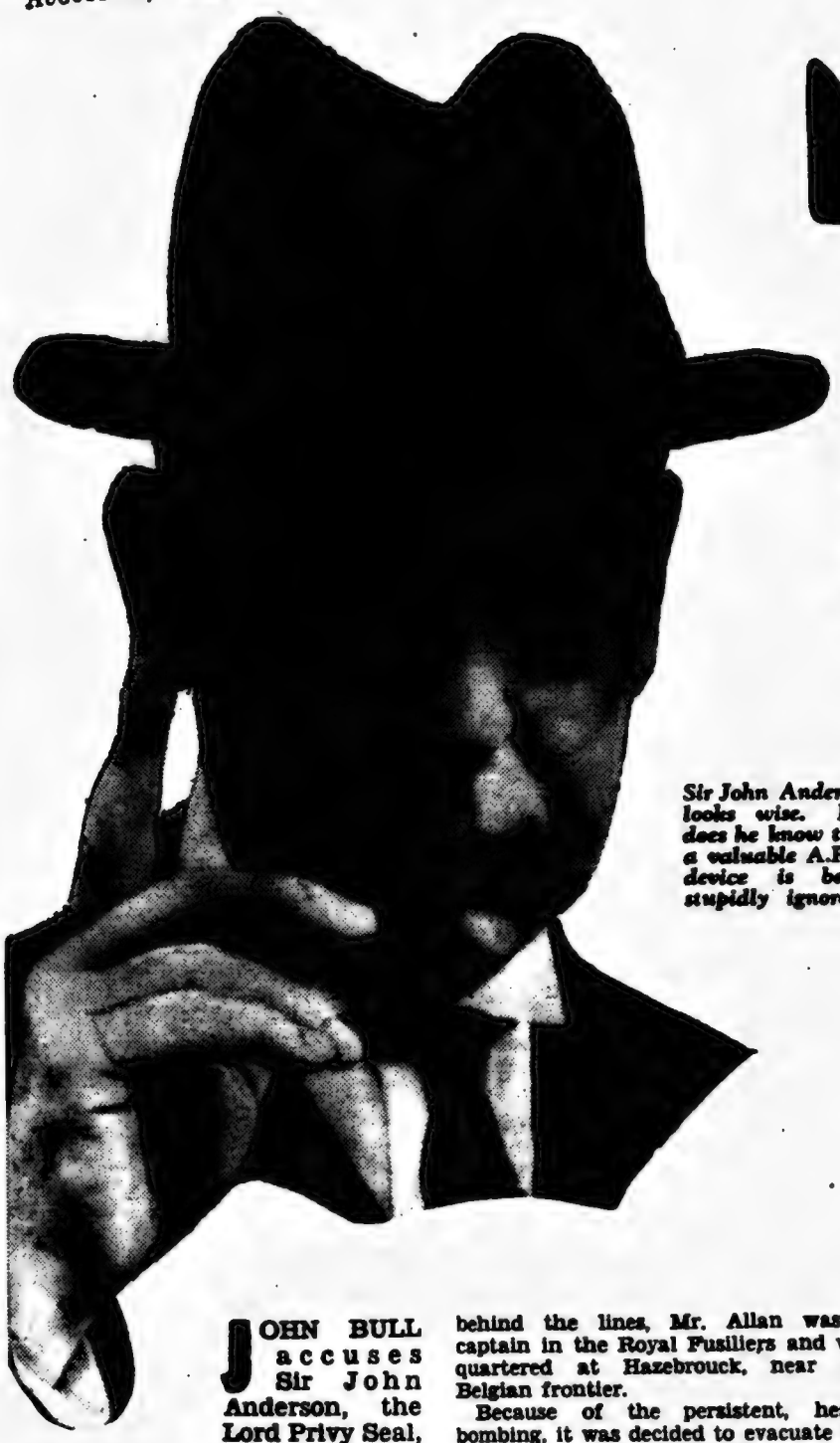
At last you can have in one book a library of essential knowledge containing the very latest facts known to man about practically everything, from a grain of sand to stars that are millions of miles away.

Here are some of the subjects: Mystery of Life, Our Wonderful Bodies, the Story of the Universe, Marvels and Forces of the Earth, Secrets of the Sea, the Earth's Treasure Chest, the Miracle of Plant Life, the March of Humanity, the Romance of Exploration and Transport.

JOHN BULL wants every reader to secure this splendid work. The edition now coming off the press is huge, but strictly limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.

You are urged to turn at once to pages 4 and 5 and fill in the Reservation Forms without delay. And make sure that you post them to-day!

LOST A.R.P. PLANS MYSTERY



Sir John Anderson looks wise. But does he know that a valuable A.R.P. device is being stupidly ignored?

JOHN BULL accuses Sir John Anderson, the Lord Privy Seal, and his Air Raid Precautions Department of endangering you and all Britain.

These are the terms of the indictment:

Though a simple, cheap method of bomb-proofing every kind of building is known to the Department;

Though it has been tested and found to be highly effective;

Yet nothing has been done by Sir John and his advisers to bring this protective device into general use;

And because they are committed to the policy of steel shelters, they will give no recognition to other and better safeguards to life and limb;

So that, though this bomb-proofing device has been examined and tested by Home Office experts,

The Air Raids Precautions Department now disclaims all knowledge of it;

Finally, such disgraceful neglect is allowing the agents of a foreign Power to negotiate for the rights in this British invention.

The whole case can be unfolded in the astonishing experiences of one witness.

Mr. Kirke Allan, writer and novelist, of Dorchester Avenue, Kelvindale, Glasgow, is the designer of what he calls a "bomb cushion."

DURING the Great War, Mr. Allan served with distinction in France.

He gained the Military Medal, the Military Cross and the Croix de Guerre, which latter decoration was pinned on his breast by Field-Marshal Foch.

In August, 1918, when the German aeroplanes were constantly raiding behind the lines, Mr. Allan was a captain in the Royal Fusiliers and was quartered at Hazebrouck, near the Belgian frontier.

Because of the persistent, heavy bombing, it was decided to evacuate the civilian population and the wounded from the town. Capt. Allan was put in charge of that task.

Night after night the town was attacked from the air. Capt. Allan realised that it was only a question of time before his billet, an old stable, would be hit.

How could he preserve the lives of himself and his men?

Soon he decided to construct a "cushion" in the loft of the stable. It would, he thought, absorb the concussion of a bomb explosion.

The stable was a good solid building, with strong walls and a spacious loft.

SCRAP material was collected from dumps; the bomb cushion took shape.

It was seven feet deep from top to bottom.

The upper surface was two feet of roughly made concrete. Underneath was the cushion in four feet of scrap, shredded rubber from worn-out motor tyres, stones and pebbles, old barbed wire—the whole mass bound together with cement. Finally, there was a second shock absorber—six inches of old tins packed with sawdust, placed on paving sets cemented together.

The whole affair took only a few hours to build.

Some nights later Capt. Allan's roughly made device received its supreme test.

There was a direct hit on the roof of the stable from a big high-explosive bomb.

"I and sixteen of my men were grouped in the stalls beneath the loft," says Capt. Allan.

"In the early evening the German machines came over as we expected. Suddenly there was a tremendous thud and explosion immediately above us.

"After the first shock, bewilderment passed over all of us. A bomb had landed on the roof and passed into the loft.

"By every law we should have been blown up and killed. The roof should have collapsed. The whole building should have been smashed to ruins.

"I realised we were all safe because of the efficacy of my home-made bomb cushion.

"WE had to burst open the doors of the stable with our rifle butts. They were split and jammed, but apart from that minor damage and the complete demolition of the roof, the building was intact.

"NEXT MORNING I EXAMINED MY CUSHION. IT WAS CRACKED AND DENTED—AND THAT WAS ALL.

"BUT IT HAD SAVED SEVENTEEN LIVES.

"Throughout the town the same type of bomb which had hit our stable had completely wiped out shops and houses."

Next, we pass to the Crisis period of last year, when the Government was enforcing all sorts of air raid precautions.

Mr. Kirke Allan, formerly Captain Allan of the Royal Fusiliers, revived his war-time cushion idea.

Remembering its success, he set about improving the device to bring it into line with present-day A.R.P. requirements.

He drew up proper plans and drafted a schedule of materials which would be required to bomb-proof various buildings—from small cottages to large office blocks and factories.

Privately he approached a leading member of the Glasgow City Council and the Chief Constable. They were interested and impressed.

Experts who were consulted gave the opinion that the idea might revolutionise all air raid safety steps.

Full particulars of the device, with plans and specification, were sent to the Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office.

In due course a reply came back—in the guarded language which Whitehall uses—stating that the device had been tested, and was regarded as being "eminently satisfactory."

That was towards the end of last year.

It is now August, and nothing whatever has been done by the Home Office or any other Whitehall department to advise and further the construction of the Allan bomb-proof cushion.

The plan has been shelved and forgotten in Whitehall while local authorities and private individuals are clamouring for official guidance as to the best methods of building protection!

A recent enquiry addressed to the Home Office has met with this inexplicable reply:—

"I am directed by the Lord Privy Seal to refer to your letter, and to state that no trace can be found of the particulars of your bomb-proof cushion which are stated to have been sent to this Department."

We realise that the officers of the Air Raid Precautions Department are worried and busy men.

BUT WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW A DEVICE WHICH THE DEPARTMENT TESTED AND REPORTED ON AS BEING "EMINENTLY SATISFACTORY" HAS BEEN LOST WITHOUT TRACE.

A FOREIGN Government, however, is not so dilatory or careless as Whitehall.

Mr. Allan has been asked to permit the construction of his bomb-proof cushion in cities and towns on the Continent.

Business promoters have also been in touch with him with a view to commercialising the bomb-proof cushion.

That is the last thing Mr. Allan desires or intends to do.

His only object is to win Government interest in a life-saving invention which has proved its value, is cheap, and readily available to all.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

"I KNOW there are worse cases than mine, so if you cannot help me, no harm is done"—that's the modest appeal of Thomas Baine, of Stockport.

He is an ex-Service man who draws a small war disablement pension. On this he has a wife and two children to keep.

His wife is subject to epileptic fits. Twelve months ago, while her husband was out with the children, this unfortunate woman fell into the fire during a fit and badly burnt her back. She has only just been discharged from the hospital.

His little girl, aged two, has also lately left hospital after nine months. She is still very delicate and requires special nourishment.

We have excellent references on the character of Thomas Baine.

Will our readers be as generous as they can to help this man in his struggle to maintain his handicapped family?

Donations should be earmarked "Epileptic," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Still delicate after nine months in hospital!

We gladly send acknowledgments where names and addresses are given.

We gratefully acknowledge Treasury note for £1 from "Tin Hat" AO1A 643852.

RACKE OF DOG T

ONLY 'John Bull' DARE PRINT THIS STORY!

AT unlicensed tracks throughout the country crooks are busy doping, substituting and disguising greyhounds.

They are using brandy and strychnine as stimulants. They are dyeing slow dogs and substituting them for winners.

They are bribing kennel boys; they are cheating owners.

And despite the most careful control by the authorities they are working the racket successfully.

Let us begin this exposure of the racket with one of the worst cases of interference in the records of greyhound racing.

It happened that a dog called Lady's Pal died from an attack of pneumonia. There was a veterinary surgeon's inquest. The cause of the sudden illness in a strong, healthy animal was inexplicable, and the veterinary surgeon expressed his opinion: "Dope."

Soon after, a kennel employee admitted he had been paid by a man named Horne to administer a drug to Lady's Pal. He also admitted that because of Horne's persuasion and money he had affected the chances of between forty and fifty dogs.

Strychnine, cunningly mixed with another chemical, had been used. Its effect usually is to "supercharge" a dog like a racing motor-car.

But with Lady's Pal there had been a blunder.

Not long ago there was a race in which a bitch was a clear and surprising winner. The bookmakers were fleeced. The running was so out of form that an examination of the dog was ordered.

Experts found she had been given caffein tablets powdered and mixed with weak milk and water. She raced two seconds faster than her average timing, and that was enough to upset all the forecasts.

The owner was prosecuted and fined and threatened with jail if it happened again.

A woman owner of greyhounds was suspicious about the poor form of one of her entrants, and approached the stewards of the meeting.

BLOOD TESTS WERE MADE; A SAMPLE OF THE DOG'S SALIVA TAKEN. CAME THE REPORT: THIS DOG HAS BEEN TREATED WITH NARCOTIC CAPSULES.

DIFFERENTLY filled capsules were given to two dogs on a small provincial track. They both won big sums for their "inspired" backers.

A dastardly "nobbling" trick was carried out with success at a Yorkshire track. The sharp points of wire nails were thrust through the flooring of two of the traps from which the dogs start.

The dogs in those traps, pawing and struggling in their excitement before the race, had their feet injured and could not run their fastest.

It happened that the favourites in three of the evening's races were drawn in those traps and lost to outsiders.

Persons behind that scheme made money from the bookmakers. They knew in advance it was impossible for any of the runners in the nail-spiked traps to win.

Special precautions were taken by the Liverpool police recently—following the discovery that at least one greyhound had been "got at."

An owner went earlier than usual to his box at the track, and found his dog half-unconscious. The animal remained comatose for nearly two days.

The same thing happened at Bradford—officials of the stadium there became perturbed because dogs were not running up to their expected form.

IT was found that a dog named Hardell won after one of their employees, working for a bribe, had given doped potted meat to several of the other dogs in the race.

In this case a dog named Anxious Minutes was found to be ill by a Yorkshire track official.

Enquiries were instituted, and a man named Harry Cantrill was prosecuted and sent to jail for a month for administering injurious substance to a dog.

The owner and trainer of Hardell were, of course, quite unaware of what was done.

There are dozens of ways in which dogs are doped. Even gelignite is sometimes used.

The explosive, rubbed into a greyhound's forehead, slows it down.

In a provincial court case, which had nothing to do with dog racing, a witness admitted that he always carried gelignite with him when working at the races.

One of the barbiturate group of narcotics is often used to upset a dog, sap his energy and make him run sluggishly.

If carefully administered well before a race, the dog displays no outward signs of interference.

Forty million p... a year are attra... by the thrills ... excitement of Br... Greyhound trac... Dog racing ... national past-ti...

His appearance is normal, but his intelligence is dulled and he will never produce his normal form.

Vaseline rubbed between the eyes is another favourite slowing-up trick. The grease creeps into the dog's eyes and fogs his sight. He feels he is running through a mist, and naturally goes cautiously, but *not suspiciously.*

A tiny piece of ordinary chewing gum placed between the toes of a dog will efficiently take the edge off his pace and ensure his losing. But this device cannot be used at a track where the preliminary inspection of runners is at all thorough.

BRANDY given to a greyhound in food sometimes before a meeting has a delayed effect, but it will effectively stimulate the dog to surprising activity. And those who know — from "special sources"—that a brandy dog is

TEERS THE RACKS

running have a good chance of beating the book.

Other stimulants are given to dogs hypodermically, but considerable experience and knowledge is necessary, otherwise things can easily go wrong.

Even when there is good reason for suggesting that illness is due to "interference," however, it is extremely hard to *prove*.

But once suspected, owners, trainers and kennel lads are under continued observation.

You have to remember that a trained greyhound is a highly sensitive animal. A little thing will throw him off balance. Too much food, too little food, and a trifle of "something" added to the food can easily upset all previous form.

Doping is, perhaps, the worst part of the greyhound racket.

Listen to the words of the Recorder of Bolton, Lancs, addressed to two men whom he sent to prison:—

"It is a most inhuman thing to administer poison to dogs in this way," he said.

"Your conduct has led to the deaths of three of the world's noblest animals. . . . I am sorry I cannot have you flogged."

Substitution of dogs, however, though it is not so callous, probably cheats the public most.

In the jargon of the dog track, the "scrubber" is the animal which is to have a substitute. The "scrubber" is replaced by "the flyer," and the men who do the job are known as "the fans."

Recently the National Greyhound Racing Club warned off an owner who has several dogs registered. This was done because the man sold a dog named "Dusty Mick" who was really Roving Leader.

At a North Country track a dog of no great quality, surprised the onlookers by romping home an easy first.

People "in the know" made a fine haul on the race. Later, it was discovered that the dog had not run. She was understudied by a first-class bitch. Two men's activities were investigated in this case.

During the parade of dogs before a race at a provincial track, a steward noticed something he thought peculiar about one of the animals.

He called for a pail of water and a sponge, took hold of the dog and washed off two white blaze marks. That dog was a slow substitute for a fast hurdler.

A dog called Snipe was down to run at Lanark, and was expected to do well. Snipe never left his kennel. His place was taken by another animal which looked exactly the same. But the substitute travelled badly and lost by lengths. Big money was made on bets laid against the supposed "Snipe." Alexander Crossen was fined.

A NICE little conspiracy was discovered on an Irish track in which a man named Patrick J. Byrne sent in a dog in the name of Roving Wicklow.

It turned out to be a first-class runner whose real name was Tom.

In another case, this time on a Scottish track, the authorities discovered that a prominent hound was "understudied" by an unnamed dog.

Many other instances of fraud against bookmakers and the public by substitution can be quoted. Always the intention behind the plots is to "rig" the betting market.

Supervision on the London tracks is keener than anywhere else, and substitute dogs cannot easily be run.

No unregistered dog can compete on any licensed track, and dogs which are registered now have to be described in exact detail. Every marking, however small or faint, must be entered on the registration form.

There is another aspect of dog racketeering on certain unlicensed tracks which does not directly affect the public. Bookmakers are the victims.

THEY ARE BEING FLEECED BY "PROTECTION GANGS."

No bookmaker has any prescriptive right on any race track. He may be a regular frequenter, but he has no authorised position for his business stand, nor any guaranteed place in the ring.

For such a place he must pay—and pay heavily. Unless he does he is ringed about by toughs who keep clients away. And he is lucky to escape from physical violence.

This is how the blackmail works: The gangsters provide "service," which means the provision of a stand and stool, easels, and chalk facilities.

This "service" is expensive. There is a set tariff. A bookmaker pays protection men between £2 and £7 a night, according to the stand in which he works and the extent of his betting.

If he refuses to pay his stand is visited one night and broken up.

The London and leading provincial tracks have suppressed this outrageous intimidation. They have their own strong arm guards to counteract the protection men.

BOOKMAKERS have no real, effective union that can protect them at their work.

And there is no means of preventing their enemies from entering a greyhound stadium.

There will be no complete cleansing of the many involved, cunning evils of greyhound racing until the non-licensed track ceases to exist.

Most of the roguery we have described goes on at unlicensed tracks.

At the others, those of the Greyhound Racing Association and Wembley, for instance, the most rigid precautions are enforced to protect both public and owners.

The National Greyhound Racing Club—the "Jockey Club" of the dog tracks—does everything possible to eliminate dishonesty. It is just as strict with its dog racing rules as the Jockey Club is with horse racing.

COMPLAINTS are immediately investigated with the utmost thoroughness, and if a case is proved, the offender is severely punished.

It is vitally important that greyhound racing should be straight, because it has attained the position of a national and social pastime, with its 40,000,000 a year clientele.

At the last White City Dog Derby there were 92,000 spectators. Regular gatherings of 50,000 are common at White City, Wembley and Harringay, and gates of 30,000 a night are not unusual at the chief provincial courses.

A vast amount of capital, subscribed by the public, is locked up in the greyhound racing enterprises. The value of registered greyhounds exceeds £3,700,000. More than 21,000 people are employed in the industry.

From every point of view, therefore, it is imperative that the sport should keep an unsullied reputation.

To attain this it should be impossible to stage greyhound racing except under the control of the National Greyhound Racing Club.

That state of affairs will come, probably, within the next two years.

Until then we may expect fraud, deception and gangster methods disguised as sport.

SIMPTON'S FOLLY

"Mr. Marcus surprised himself and the onlookers by his turn of speed"

Concluding our Short Story Series

"Charlie Ferny Sees it Through"

By David Adam

"YES, sir," said the dark little man, twirling the stem of his brandy glass between pale, spatulate fingers. "I'm going to bring your little God-forgotten hamlet right into the middle of 1939. In six months' time you won't know it. . . ."

He pushed his wide-brimmed black Homburg off the pallid, damp expanse of his forehead and shot a challenging glance at Charlie Ferny with eyes that were sharp and bright as black-currants, and not much larger.

"And I doubt if it'll know *you*, Mr. Village Innkeeper," he went on, "because when I've finished educating the local yokels to the higher, fuller life they'll turn up their freckled noses at this old-world joint of yours. . . . I'll have another brandy, just to show there's no ill-feeling."

Charlie Ferny filled the brandy measure with deliberate care and tipped the contents deftly into the fat, round glass in Mr. Marcus's fat, round hand.

He didn't like the man, but he was a customer. Therefore Charlie had listened with grave patience to his word picture of a brave new Neston Magna in which, as Mr. Marcus had frankly pointed out, the village and its life would be no more than an Olde Englishe background to the £40,000 Marcus Country Club and Rural Lido.

Somehow the prospect did not perturb the innkeeper. He saw so many reasons why it couldn't happen that the whole project was wrapped in airy unreality.

Even when Mr. Marcus, with a confident flourish, produced and unrolled plans of his dream palace for Charlie's inspection it was still, to Charlie—well, just a dream.

Those concrete pylons and bright green roof-tiles, those sweeping white walls and cyprus-lined terraces, Spanish-looking iron balconies and cunningly placed floodlights — they didn't belong to Neston Magna thought Charlie, and never could.

Hollywood, yes; or maybe Hampstead —but Neston? Not on your life! Might as well think of building a super-cinema on the green.

The black-currant eyes seemed to read his thoughts.

"You think I'm crazy, eh?" said Mr. Marcus, and he flashed at the innkeeper a sudden smile in which a gold tooth winked impressively. "Much bigger men than you have thought the same thing."

CHARLIE scratched his chin. It didn't seem worth arguing about, because it *was* just plain crazy; but he felt he ought to point out the things that made it crazy.

"Well," said the innkeeper. "O' course, you knows yer own business, I've no doubt. But there ain't the money in all Woodshire, much less in Neston, to bring enough business to keep a place like that runnin'."

"Huh!" Mr. Marcus seized on the point eagerly, as though it were a cue. "That's what they all say; but I know the answer!"

He paused to swill his gold tooth in neat brandy.

"The answer, my friend, is human nature! And the march of progress . . . and the motor-car! They said the same sort of thing when roadhouses started springing up ten or twenty miles round London.

"I put up a couple myself—that's why I know what I'm doing. And now people's ideas are changing. They want a run for their fun . . . they want to get away from Town for a bright week-end and no questions asked."

Mr. Marcus's wink was heavy with suggestion.

"This place is just fifty-one miles from the West End. . . . Say an hour and a half by car. And I know a lot of prospective clients who'll feel a lot safer fifty-one miles from home than fifteen. . . . if you see what I mean. . . ."

Charlie saw what he meant.

"And there'll be a few bright lads from Sulchester, just to help things along; and a little bar at the side where the locals can spend their odd coppers and give the place a little atmosphere."

But Charlie still felt comfortably sceptical.

"There's one thing," he said. "I knows every landowner rahnd 'ere and, bless yer 'eart, *they* won't part with no land at any price for any lido stunt."

Mr. Marcus's gilded smile broke again. "There's something in that," he said smoothly, "as I've already found out. Tough lot of old birds, your local gentry. Some of them nearly set the dogs on me. But take a look over there. . . ."

He pointed with a well-manicured forefinger through the open door of the "Fox By The Hill."

Charlie squinted at the bright sunlight, then raised his eyebrows. A twinge of concern made itself felt beneath his belt.

"Wot, the ole Blue Gate medder?" he asked. "Right 'ere in the village, like?" He looked at Mr. Marcus.

"The very same," said the little man. "But even old Simpton wouldn't part with 'is bit o' grahnd for that!"

"Old Simpton isn't so nice-minded as your local bigwigs," said Mr. Marcus. "He fell for the chink of gold, and it's all stitched up, bar putting it in black-and-white. I shall be back in a week with a nice dotted line for him to sign on. . . . And in six months," he added, draining his glass and making for the door, "in six months, Mister Village Innkeeper, you'll be wondering where all your customers have got to."

A MOMENT later there was the burble of an eight-cylinder engine, and Mr. Marcus was gone.

"Ah, well," said Charlie philosophically to a tall glass jar of arrowroot biscuits, "a lot can 'appen in a week, specially if yer does a bit o' quiet thinking."

* * *

Noah Simpton liked a glass of ale, but the price of it hurt him cruelly. Therefore, when he came into the taproom of the "Fox By The Hill" it was with a grudging air, and he would make his pint last a longish sitting—all the evening if he were so minded.

He drank with no man, and he saw to it that no man drank with him. He was surly and a known miser, so nobody liked him. "Old Simpton's stocking" was a village legend, and it was reputed that he invested some of its contents in the purchase of the Blue Gate meadow only because of that other village legend—the crock of gold that was said to have been buried there when the monks had been driven from Neston Priory.

Certainly he had ploughed it diligently from end to end; but now it lay fallow, and the only gold that Noah ever saw there was the gold of a very fine crop of buttercups. Some folks still called the meadow Simpton's Folly.

NOT long after the dust had settled behind the wheels of Mr. Marcus's car, Noah Simpton was in his accustomed corner chair, sipping his pint with studied economy.

When Charlie had served him and a handful of other customers the innkeeper settled his elbows on the bar and pulled at his pipe for a moment or two before he spoke.

"Friend o' yours 'as bin in 'afternoon, Mr. Simpton," he said.

The old man peered at him suspiciously, but merely grunted.

"A Mr. Marcus," Charlie went on. "Tells me 'e's buying the Blue Gate meadow orf yer—to build a sort o' city o' fun on it."

There was a murmur of surprise at the innkeeper's words. The village knew well enough of the country club scheme, but, like Charlie, the village had not taken it at all seriously. And, again like Charlie, the village had somehow forgotten Noah Simpton's bit of ground and his avarice.

"And what ef 'tis so?" Noah Simpton asked, a hint of truculence in his voice. "I reckon a man can do what he pleases

(Continued on page 24)

TRY THE NEW

GILLETTE BLADE

Gillette again make shaving news by the introduction of the new *Thin* Gillette blade at 6 for 1/- — specially designed for people with sensitive skins. A trial will convince you that these golden-coloured *Thin* Gillette blades—honed to the famous Gillette edge—will give you maximum shaving comfort at minimum cost!

it's one of Cadbury's

"LUCKY 13"

YOU GET *MORE* BITES—*EVERY* ONE YOUR FAVOURITE CENTRE

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GINGER DELIGHT · FRUIT SUNDAE
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TOFFEE FILLED BLOCK · TRUFFLE
VANILLA CREME

THIRTEEN lucky number for sweet-tooths! That's the chocolate news of the year. Cadburys thirteen Filled Blocks are sold by all confectioners. Each block gives you eight whole bites right into your *favourite* centre — all for 2d. When you buy a Cadbury Filled Block, you get all your favourite centre *and nothing else.* Cadbury's Filled Blocks are the top-notch in value. See the centres in the panel on your left. Make a lucky dip—your nearest sweetshop has it. Remember—8 scrumptious bites for 2d.

Try a **FRUIT SUNDAE** *today. Three delicious fruits blended into one gorgeous centre. Orange for flavour, pineapple for freshness and cherries to thrill you! The coating is Cadbury's famous Dairy Milk chocolate. Ask for Cadbury's Fruit Sundae Block, 2 oz. 2d.*

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Schoolgirl Complexion
All Over!
It's easy to be lovely all over if you let Palmolive keep your skin soft and supple — arms, neck and back as well as face and hands. Palmolive's gentle olive oil lather cleanses deep and thoroughly. You'll be fresh and fragrant after every bath if you use Palmolive.
PALMOLIVE
3d

Continuing Short Story

'SIMPTON'S FOLLY'

with what's his'n. . . . And doubtless it'll bring a bit of life to Neston."

As he spoke the taproom door opened to admit a mild-seeming, bespectacled little man who gave a civil good-evening to all, called for a shandy-gaff and then turned a quizzical eye on Noah.

"What's this about bringing a bit of life to Neston?" he asked. "I trust you're not thinking of starting a jazz-band, Mr. Simpton."

"It's worse nor that, Mr. Parrott," broke in Jim Bates, who, as Noah's neighbour, had no cause to love him, and who, as a pillar of the Baptist Chapel, looked upon Mr. Marcus as an emissary of Evil. "Noah's a-goin' to let 'em build a great palace of sin in our midst."

Mr. Parrott, schoolmaster, antiquarian, and lover of peace and quiet, looked up in alarm from his shandy-gaff.

"Good gracious!" he said. "Surely not the country club, after all?"

"Sure 'nough," growled Jem Turvey. "Jazz-band an' all, I don't doubt. . . . An' right opposite there, in Blue Gate meadow."

Mr. Parrott was too shocked for further speech. Not so Noah Simpton, whose temper had grown shorter and shorter with every word of protest. Now he rose from the corner and banged down his glass—emptied in quicker time than Charlie could remember.

"MEBBE," he said tartly to the taproom in general, "mebbe you gen'lemen can loosen your tongues and settle my business for me easier like if I teks meself off out'n the road."

When the door had banged behind him, Mr. Parrott looked across the bar at Charlie and wagged his head sombrely.

"It's a sad business if it's true," he said.

"It's true enough," returned the innkeeper, "but I've got an idea we can do summat about it. . . . With your 'elp, Mr. Parrott."

Mr. Parrott raised sandy eyebrows. "With my help? My dear Ferny, I would do *anything*, as you know, to keep the peace in Neston . . . but I don't quite see. . . ."

Charlie Ferny came round the bar and sat himself among his customers.

"Well," he said, "it's like this 'ere. . . ."

LITTLE Minnie Tambley found the first golden coin in the Blue Gate meadow.

She was on her way to school by the footpath which crossed the field diagonally. It was all but buried in the dust of the path, but Minnie saw it glint when the sun caught it.

She did not think a great deal of it, because it was neither silver nor copper, and therefore she was doubtful whether it might be spent on toffees or liquorice strips. But it was pretty, and she played with it for the rest of the way to school.

Minnie played with it, too, during scripture lesson: and it was then that it came into the hands of Miss Parslow, who took it to Mr. Parrott, who said that there was only one thing to be done—and that was to take it along to Mr. Simpton, since it was found in his field.

Minnie herself should take it, he said: and fished in his pocket for a newish-looking penny that would compensate Minnie for the loss.

The news got round before school dismissed for lunch, however, and the path across Blue Gate meadow became suddenly popular. Many people walked back and forth upon it, their eyes downcast.

And Charlie Ferny, glancing across from the Fox by The Hill, permitted himself a chuckle of satisfaction.

Two more coins were found before Noah Simpton descended on the meadow, and, brandishing a stick, warned off the treasure-seekers. But, since it was a public footpath, he couldn't clear the field altogether. What he did was to keep the passers-by very strictly to the footpath, and keep a sharp eye for any who stooped to pick so much as a golden buttercup.

Only when it was dark did he relax his vigil: and since seven hours in a hot field with a good deal of shouting can be thirsty work, he swallowed his resolution to withhold his custom from the Fox and took himself to his corner in the taproom.

He spoke to nobody at first, and Charlie bided his time till most of the "regulars" were in. Then he looked at Noah and shot his arrow. . . .

"Looks as if your friend Mr. Marcus 'as 'is 'ead screwed on the right way, Mr. Simpton," he said.

Noah stiffened in his chair. "What might you be meanin' by that, Charlie Ferny?" he said.

Charlie polished a glass and set it down before answering.

"Well, it looks to me," he said, "as if 'e must 'a known summat when 'e tried to buy Blue Gate medder. Mind you, 'e *might* be goin' ter build a country club as well, but it never seemed a likely sort o' story to me, one way an' another."

Noah Simpton's hands were gripping the arms of his chair, and his face was dark with the thoughts that Charlie's words had set loose in his mind. When he spoke, his voice was high and unsteady.

"You're right, Charlie Ferny! You're right! I might 'a known it all along. 'E were after the gold sure enough. That's why 'e looked so old-fashioned like when 'e said as 'e thought there were a tidy little fortune in the Blue Gate meadow—after we'd fixed the price!"

Noah's hand shook as he took a most uneconomical gulp at his ale.

"But naught's signed and sealed yet, praise be!" he went on, and cackled shrilly. "'E be 'a comin' down to-morrow to settle up—but I've a mind it'll be *me* as does the settlin'."

NOBODY save Noah Simpton and Mr. Marcus will ever know just what passed between the two of them next day.

The village saw only the tail-end of the interview, but that was satisfying enough.

Mr. Marcus was flying on short, well-trousered legs down the path from Noah's front door to Noah's front gate. And Noah himself was in pursuit, a rusty sporting-gun in his hand and murder in his eye.

Mr. Marcus surprised himself and the onlookers by his turn of speed. Happily for him, the gate was open, and he had the presence of mind to slam it behind him. Noah crashed into it, and both barrels discharged themselves harmlessly if thunderously into his apple-tree.

Little Minnie Tambley found the first golden coin in the Blue Gate meadow

Those who were near enough to observe such details were astonished at the amazing speed with which Mr. Marcus leapt into the driving seat of his car, slammed the door, switch on, started up, engaged gears and got away—all, it seemed, in the space of a couple of seconds.

And, in a couple more, a white dust cloud over the village street served as a shroud for Mr. Marcus's ambitions of modernising Neston Magna.

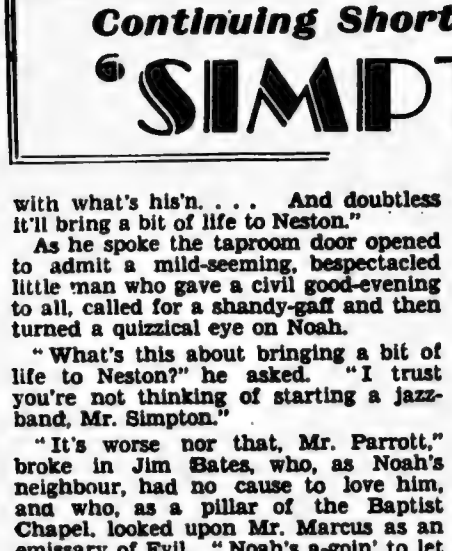
THE little group in the tap-room of the Fox were gazing through the window, over the brook, across a corner of the green, into Blue Gate meadow.

On the still summer-evening air was the faint sound of Noah's voice as he urged on his plough horses. Already the green of the field was scarred by a broad strip of brown earth, freshly turned and livid in the light of the setting sun. It was a pity that the green should go, but, as Charlie had just pointed out, good brown earth was a sight better than cold white concrete.

"Ar," said Charlie, turning from the window, "I reckon it was worth it. An' I 'opes you thinks so, too, Mr. Parrott."

The schoolmaster smiled. "Indeed I do, Ferny," he said. "True, my little collection of ancient coins will never be quite the same; but I'm afraid I had rather lost interest in them anyway.

"What I am wondering," Mr. Parrott went on, "is whether it will occur to our friend Noah, during the ploughing and digging that will take up so much of his time now, that it is hardly conceivable that George the Fourth guineas and Stuart sovereigns should have been buried by monks in the days of Bluff King Hal!"



Why allow yourself to become "absolutely dizzy with catarrh"—you have then reached the danger-point. Many a dangerous illness has resulted from a neglected "simple cold."

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous Catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, trams, 'buses or where infection is present).

Buy a handy 1/3d. tin at any chemist, stores, or herbalists or 1/4½d. post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
88T, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

P.7

Not from the B.B.C.

Holiday Sinners

Oh to be in Greenland
At this time of the year.
Oh to be in far Peru,
In Astrakhan or Timbuctoo,
Now holidays are here!

For little Willie's with us,
And Frank and Mary Jane,
And life will be one long upset
Until each precious little pet
Goes back to school again!

MEANWHILE the war of nerves has begun, and whether parents pursue a policy of appeasement, bluff, bribery or "arm" force, there is unlikely to be any relaxation of the tension before the end of August.

This year, indeed, it looks as if the parental peace front will have more difficulty than usual in coping with juvenile aggression.

For the L.C.C. Education Committee has gone out of its way to suggest to children directions in which they can employ their natural talents for crime.

* * *

The aim of the Committee is the provision of good advice on behaviour for the holidays. But if many of its "Don'ts" are not seized upon as "Musts," all we can say is that the human child has changed greatly since we were a little angel ourself.

No new forms of sin are suggested by such announcements as: "Fruit should not be taken from parks or private gardens." But when advice is offered against breaking milk bottles or playing with unattended motor-cars one is inevitably saddened by the thought of pleasures unavailable in one's own youth.

He envies them!

Progress and invention have done much for the modern child, for when we were mother's joy and a contributory cause to father's baldness, unattended motor-cars, replete with fascinating gadgets waiting to be turned, pulled or pressed, scarcely existed.

Studying these L.C.C. Hints for Holiday Naughtiness, one is reminded of how often fathers have failed to impress their progeny with announcements beginning: "When I was your age I—," and ending (a) was earning my own living, (b) could tell the time at a glance, (c) would have been ashamed to be seen with dirty nails—or something equally unbelievable.

* * *

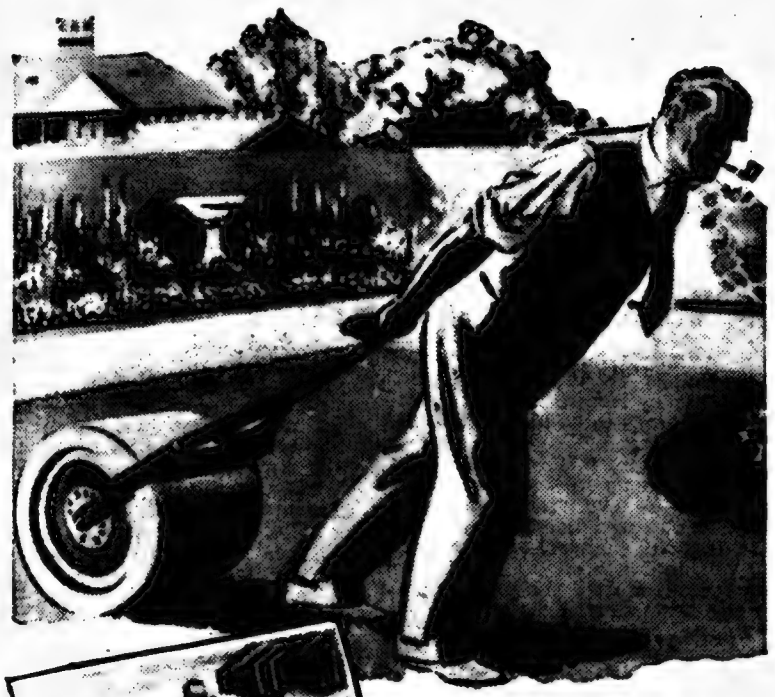
If, instead of attempting such unconvincing propaganda, a father merely mentioned: "When I was your age there were no milk bottles to smash and we had to throw stones at rubbish bins," the simple pathos of the announcement would, I feel sure, convince any right-minded lad that poor ole father must have had a thin time as a kid and deserves a little kindness now.

Be kind to your parents at holiday time.
Though I own they are often a bore
With their "Don't" and their
"Mustn't," and "What have you
there?"
But if Pop now and then should get
sore.
When something incredibly sinful you
do,
Just think of how much he is envying
you,
With his own days of wickedness over
and done
For the old pot-and-pan life has lost
half its fun!

Y. Z.

Pa Thorobred plays an afternoon's tennis, weeds the garden and rolls the lawn over the weekend...

AND IS BACK TO BUSINESS MONDAY MORNING ACTIVE AS EVER



The THOROBREDS are proud of their garden - they always have the energy to keep it in good trim.

Like the rest of the thoroughbreds, he doesn't live on BREAD alone, but he eats lots of BREAD at every meal. That's the reason for his untiring energy—and also the reason why he gets good from *all* his food. BREAD brings the best out of everything.

BREAD
FOR ENERGY

C.F.H.869

Only a blister . . .

a tiny trace of dirt . . .

a festering poisoned foot – the grim fear of losing a leg!

Why risk it?

Your surest protection against dirt-bred germs is to use Family Health Soap daily

You never know when dirt-bred germs are going to strike. A tiny cut or scratch, a blister, so small you may not even notice it, may yet be a wide-open gate for dirt infection. That is why it pays to make simple precautions part of your daily life. Do as doctors and nurses advise. Always keep a tablet of Family Health Soap by the wash-basin, and see that it is used. Make every wash a protection!

FAMILY HEALTH
THE SAFETY SOAP

MAKES EVERY WASH A PROTECTION

KH 43A-501

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

Concluding Confessions of a Marriage Registrar

TRAPPING the LOVE CHEATS

A tall, well-built man appeared. "I have information which leads me to believe that this marriage can't take place," he said

SHE was an attractive girl, that bride.

She had beautiful brown hair; creamy skin with just a suspicion of a freckle here and there and long sweeping lashes. Her eyes were glinting and expressive.

I dipped the pen in the ink, and was just about to fill in the details, when my office door burst open violently.

A tall, well-built man popped his head and shoulders through the opening like a Jack-in-the-box:

"I have information which leads me to believe that this marriage can't take place!" he said.

Just like that!

Then he was gone again.

He was back in a moment, though. This time he brought a woman with him.

Shepherding her in, he walked over to the groom:

"Are you Henry D.?"

Barely giving the groom time to nod—he couldn't speak—the stranger swung round to the woman he had brought in:

"Is this the man?" he asked.

"Yes!" she cried. "That's him! That's my husband."

I don't know which of us was the more astonished—the bride, the 'groom, or I.

Before I had time to recover, the stranger introduced himself

"I'm sorry I had to burst in on you like that, sir," he said. "But your assistants didn't know just how far the ceremony might have gone. I'm a police inspector. And this is Mrs. D.—this man's lawful wife!"

The scene which followed was painful. Mrs. D. spoke fluently and what she had to say to her philandering husband left nothing to the imagination.

AS for Betty J., the attractive bride-who-just-wasn't, it took us an hour to calm her down.

The inspector told me all about it later.

It appears that D. had deserted his wife and child some time before. Meeting Betty, he represented himself as a single man and they became engaged.

Of course Mrs. D. called on Betty the moment she heard of the engagement. But D. himself, with extraordinary effrontery, managed to convince her that he really *was* a bachelor. And that his wife was a slightly insane widow who was madly in love with him!

The husband managed to get out of that scrape without a prosecution of any sort. But I don't think he'll try anything of the kind again!

It wasn't the only time I was present when a wife attended her husband's "wedding." The funniest instance I recall happened only a month or two ago.

The circumstances were very similar to those I have just described only the bride-to-be in this case—let us call her Joan—wasn't quite so blind as Betty.

She and the wife hatched up a very neat plot between them.

First Joan insisted on holding a number of parties to meet all her future "husband's" friends and business acquaintances.

She invited them all to the wedding. And even worked things so that her 'groom's employers also attended.

It was to be an "All White" wedding.

On the fatal day, the bride turned up in a beautiful satin gown. She wore a very heavy veil which completely obscured her features. Her tiny bridesmaid, similarly dressed, had a heavy veil, too.

I had barely started the preliminaries when the bride startled us all:

"I'm not Joan Doe," she said loudly. "And I don't want to marry this man!"

She threw the veil back over her head: "I'M MARRIED TO HIM NOW!"

She reached out to draw the veil from her bridesmaid's face:

"And this," she added, "is his daughter!"

It didn't need the sugary, sarcastic way she said: "Say hello to daddy, darling!" to make the intending bigamist blush.

MOST bigamists, in my experience, are foolish rather than wicked, but there *are* crooks among them. I have performed more than one ceremony in which I have suspected money and not love was the consideration.

But only once have I ever managed to catch out a rogue through my own amateur detective efforts.

In 1936, Nellie W. came to me to give Notice of Intention to Marry.

She was a tall, slim girl, not very good looking, but vivacious and pleasant. No one could help being affected by her enthusiasm when she spoke.

While I was arranging the details I noticed a curiously shaped gold brooch pinned on her blouse.

She must have seen me glancing at it. Because she broke off in the middle of an answer:

"Do you like it?" she asked. She smiled and wrinkled her nose. "Jack gave it to me—my fiancé!"

And a very nice present, too," I said. "I've never seen anything like that before."

"No, neither have I," Nellie remarked. "It's got a history attached to it, too. Jack got it in Ceylon. While he was there he did a good turn to a Buddhist monk.

"I DON'T know quite what it was. Anyway, the monk was so grateful that he gave him this. I believe it'd been in the temple for hundreds of years. The monk told Jack it was a certain luck-bringer.

"As long as I wear this, we'll never be unhappy. And we'll never be in want. It's supposed to have a mysterious power that'll make me love Jack more and more every day!"

I was rather intrigued by the brooch, and asked whether I could examine it.

"I wonder if it's possible to get anything like this in London?" I asked. "I'd like to get one for my daughter."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to," she told me. "That's the only one of its kind in the world. According to the legend, one of the old Ceylonese nobility had it specially made for a beautiful princess who was in love with him.

"But her father didn't approve of the match, and he married her off to someone else.

"She never forgot her lover, though. And she always wore the brooch. She died of a broken heart about two years afterwards.

"But just before she died she told her serving-maid to take the brooch to the temple. It was to be a symbol of her eternal love. It had been there ever since, until Jack got it."

A month later I married Nellie and Jack.

Soon, I had forgotten all about the brooch with the romantic history.

Last August another girl came to arrange her wedding. The first thing I noticed was that she was wearing a brooch similar to Nellie's.

Trying to draw her out I commented: "That's a pretty little thing you're wearing."

"Yes, isn't it," she answered. She fingered it a moment and smiled. Then she continued:

"My fiancé gave it to me. He got it from a monk at an old Buddhist Temple in Ceylon!"

(Continued on page 28)

Skin Eruptions

CLEARED IN A FEW DAYS

Pimples and rashes that disfigure you and make you ashamed to be seen—Chronic Eczema that makes your life a misery with its maddening itching day and night—Stubborn boils and ulcers that have defied all your efforts to heal them—They all begin to mend at the first application of Cuticura Ointment. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples fade and vanish after one or two applications. Eczema of years' standing has been completely extinguished with a single tin of this amazing healer. Its germ-killing, soothing, purifying ingredients sink to the depths of the eruption and eradicate the poisons that cause all the irritation and inflammation. For clean, safe healing of all skin outbreaks and injuries—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable and handy than this unfailing healer.

THIS WRITER PROVED IT

"My face, neck, chest and legs became covered with red, sore pimples which were exceedingly painful and embarrassing. After trying various things without success, I started with Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and very soon my skin was perfectly clear." (Signed) L. R. W. Edwards, 26, Myrtle Villa, Swilly, Plymouth.

Why not let Cuticura heal you? Buy a tin to-day!

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco." (Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925)

Presbyterian Mixture 1/3

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Enjoy Vigorous Healthy Hair with this *New* HAIR DRESSING *and* SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

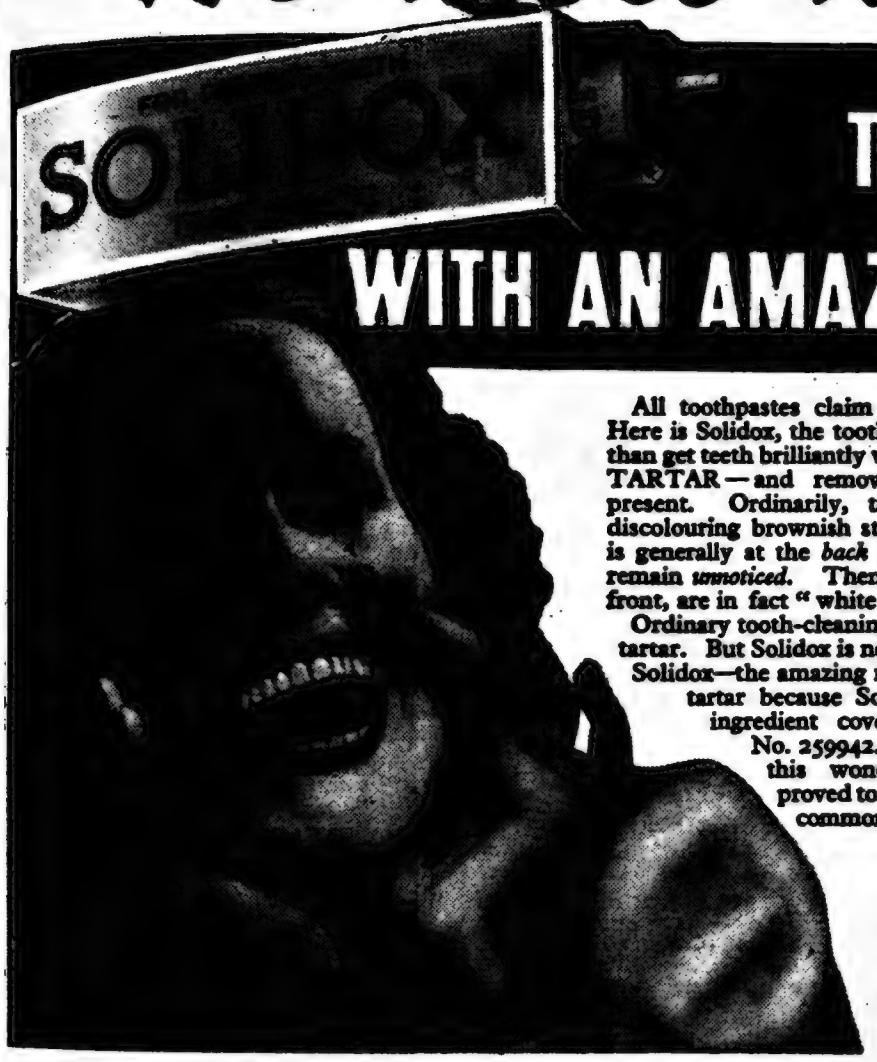
You can try them FREE!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning rub on a few drops with your finger-tips until your scalp tingles. After this 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage your hair is absolutely protected, and will comb perfectly into place.

ACCEPT THIS MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER!

A trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to improve your scalp and keep your hair perfectly in place, and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo can be yours if you send two penny stamps with your name and address to Dept. J.B.31, Chesebrough Manufg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Send to-day and end at once all your dry scalp troubles!

No more "White Lies"!



THE *NEW* TOOTHPASTE WITH AN AMAZING *NEW* INGREDIENT!

★ BRITISH PATENT NO. 259942
MORE THAN JUST WHITENESS
—THIS WONDERFUL NEW INGREDIENT
PREVENTS TARTAR, COMMON CAUSE
OF DENTAL TROUBLES

All toothpastes claim to keep teeth white. Here is Solidox, the toothpaste that does *more* than get teeth brilliantly white! It will prevent TARTAR—and remove it when already present. Ordinarily, tartar is visible—a discolouring brownish stain—but because it is generally at the *back* of the teeth it may remain *unnoticed*. Then teeth, white at the front, are in fact "white lies"!

Ordinary tooth-cleaning cannot possibly remove tartar. But Solidox is not an ordinary toothpaste. Solidox—the amazing new toothpaste—removes tartar because Solidox contains a unique ingredient covered by British Patent No. 259942. Only Solidox contains this wonderful new ingredient, proved to *remove* and *prevent* tartar, common cause of dental troubles.

And Solidox does this work without harming the delicate enamel of the teeth in any way.

Solidox means that *now* you can make sure that your teeth are not only gleaming white, but free from tartar too . . . Start at once to give your teeth this protection—use Solidox twice a day—see your dentist regularly!

SOLIDOX 6d BIG TUBE

MAKES DULL TEETH WHITE—KEEPS WHITE TEETH RIGHT

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16 SOL 2-393-65

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HILLMAN CARS OFFERED FREE

ENTER NOW and WIN A BIG PRIZE IN

THIS SIMPLE COMPETITION

First Prize EACH WEEK
A 1939 HILLMAN MINX
4-Door Touring Sunshine Saloon (in Standard colour) and with each car the winner gets
1. 100 GALLONS OF PETROL
2. ROAD TAX PAID TO END OF YEAR
3. COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE TO END OF YEAR
5 consolation prizes of £5
25 consolation prizes of £1

SOME grand prizes are offered to all those who try Outspan Oranges—the pick of the South African Orange crop. Eat them as an after-meal dessert, or as a between-meal refresher. Outspan Oranges give plentiful, delicious juice. Notice how sweet and full of juice they are.

Then write a good sentence commencing, "I like Outspan Oranges because . . . ." and add 25 words or less. Write this on an entry form on one side of a piece of paper. Sign your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry. Attach six wrappers of Outspan, Goldland, or any other brand of South African Oranges to each entry. Post to Outspan Oranges, J.B.H.2, Minx Dept., 123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. There are a number of weekly Competitions. So HURRY! Send in your entries at once. Do it Now! while you think of it!

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES

FOR SUMMER SNACKS—
DELICIOUS WITH GREEN SALAD

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 10½d. ONLY

Here is the name!

A REVELATION at 10½d. per ounce. Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists.

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **10½d**

Two-Ounce Tins **1/9**

'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets **9½d.**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

Police blame inside spies for many of the recent thefts at society functions

Blenheim Palace, home of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and scene of mystery fur thefts

GATE-CRASHER CROOKS

DRESS-SUIT crooks are working overtime. Jewellery valued at £7,000 has been lost by three Society women in the last six weeks.

The Mystery of the Blenheim Palace Furs remains unsolved.

So does the Theft of the Italian Miniatures.

Stories worthy of Edgar Wallace are appearing in the newspapers week after week. What is behind it all?

Scotland Yard has a theory that can be summed up in one word—GATE-CRASHERS.

But, unfortunately, these gate-crashers are the most difficult to catch of all crooks.

Many of them come from good-class families and are entitled to wear the best of old school ties.

Their manners, their accents, their clothes enable them to move freely among the guests at the most brilliant society functions without seeming out of place. There is little fear of detection.

Of course their methods are as old as the hills. With a few modern "twists."

They mark down every important party which seems to suit their purpose.

Once inside, they spy out the land and make an accurate mental plan of the layout. Then they take note of the expensive jewellery worn by the women guests and, if possible, ascertain the names and addresses of the wearers.

That's only part of their job, though. They mix with as many men guests as possible, and, by a few judicious questions, soon decide what particular kind of swindle each one is apt to fall for.

Finally, they look around for any portable loot.

They turn over to the gang—for later use—every bit of information, together with the plans of the house. The result is that nearly every big home in England has now been "mapped."

If the gang is unable to "handle the job" they "farm it out" to other criminals for a percentage on the future swag.

The men and women who do the actual "gate-crashing" are known as "contacts," "fingers," "stalls" or "fronts."

Only occasionally does the gang permit its "contact" to "make a heist"—commit a theft—at the affairs he attends.

He is much more useful as a gatherer of information if he avoids getting the reputation of being about every time something is stolen.

When a function is on a grand scale with many hundreds, or thousands, of guests, it is considered safe enough for him to lift some choice pieces of jewellery or expensive furs. Then the chances are that other members of the gang will be there to help him.

It is impossible to estimate just how many thousands of pounds worth of loot disappeared during the Duchess of Marlborough's Ball at Blenheim Palace.

A FULL report was not published.

The amount must have been considerable because Countess Portarlington, Countess Paul Munster, Viscountess Long of Wraxall and Mrs. Archie Campbell were only four of the many women who lost furs and jewellery.

All four of these well-known women are noted for their beautiful and expensive furs.

Blenheim Palace was the scene of a robbery earlier in the year, when more than £2,000 worth of the Churchill family heirlooms were stolen. It was thought that it must have been planned by someone who was familiar with the plan of the library in which the cabinets stood.

Only six days after the Duchess of Marlborough's Ball—on July 13—the Countess of Jersey gave a masked Georgian Ball at Osterley, Middlesex.

More than 1,000 guests attended. So did a fair sprinkling of "gate-crashing crooks."

The result was that the Countess lost her famous diamond brooch. And one or two other odds and ends.

This type of crime is much more prevalent than you may think.

No wonder hostesses are hurrying to insure their guests against loss.

The next "season" begins in October and by then insurance companies will have worked out "Peace of Mind" policies available for anyone planning to hold a big party or ball.

Hostesses themselves are making great efforts in their battle with the gate-crashers.

Not only are they employing scores of detectives—there were more than 100 at the Blenheim Palace Ball on July 7—but they have instituted a system of checking.

Most of them now insist that all guests shall produce their invitation cards. Some have even gone so far as to request them to sign a special Visitors' Book so that the doorman can check their names.

Lady Carisbrooke sends out admittance cards only after guests have written her letters of acceptance. In this way she stops the possibility of unused cards falling into undesirable hands.

Lady Carisbrooke's idea has caught on like wild-fire. Some hostesses have coupled it with the idea of booking only the date, and refrain from telling guests just where the event is to be held until a day or two beforehand.

PERHAPS the best idea of all was the one used by Lady Butterfield for her Masked Ball a short time ago.

In a private letter she asked guests to wear only a special type of red-coloured mask and to have their invitation cards fixed to it so that anyone could see, at a glance, whether the wearer had been invited.

Despite precautions, however, the gate-crashing racket goes on. And continues to grow.

The grave danger is not so much in what the gate-crashers manage to steal themselves but in the information they glean for future robberies.

The police smashed up one gang a little while ago, whose hauls totalled tens of thousands of pounds in a few weeks.

Members of this gang were able to operate only because they were being "tipped off" by "dress-suit" crooks who were able to spy out the land, and to mark down potential victims.

Many other mysteries remain unsolved.

HERE are a few coups which have been carried out during the past few months: Mrs. Millicent Hesketh-Wright, of Park Lane, lost £20,000 in cash and jewellery; Mrs. Campbell Heathcote, of St. John's Wood, lost £10,000, and Mrs. Guild £5,000 in the same raid; Mrs. Maude Knott, of Sandgate, Kent, was robbed of £10,000 in jewellery and, ten days later, Mrs. Anne Davis lost £1,100.

Gangsters who raided Lady Warrender's house-party at Wiston Park were out of luck. They got only £1,200—and failed to find £29,000 worth of jewellery which was within a few feet of them.

In addition to cases in which the loot has run into thousands, there have been dozens of "small jobs"—if you can call a robbery "small" when the loot amounts to several hundreds!

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet

Take It!

—and Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Sample!

Simply send your name and address for a generous Free Sample and the Elasto Booklet. Write for these NOW! *And make the discovery of a lifetime.*

ELASTO, Dept. 15.X, Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Continuing—

Registrar's Confessions

Before I could say anything she went on to tell me, almost word for word, the same tale that Nellie had told.

At first I didn't realise there might be some significance. I thought that, maybe, some old Buddhist reprobate had worked out a new scheme for making easy money.

But, when she went on to tell about her fiancé's experiences in Ceylon, I found she was repeating incidents which Nellie had told me of in 1936.

There could be no doubt that her fiancé—whom she called David—and Nellie's husband were the same person.

I didn't say anything.

But after she had gone I made one or two enquiries.

Copying down the address which Nellie had given me in her residential qualifications, I represented myself as a distant relative of hers and made a few enquiries among the neighbours.

It didn't take me long to find out where Nellie and Jack had set up house.

When I got there it took even less time to learn the rest of the story.

Nellie's marriage had lasted less than twelve months. Her husband, who was a waster, had vanished with everything she had, and hadn't contributed a penny piece to her support since. She was very much alive. And there had been no divorce.

When I heard that I sent my latest bride a note asking her to call in connection with "additional details."

Of course, I was on dangerous ground. It was just possible that Jack and the "fiancé" were different men.

When she called, I told her, as delicately as possible, that I had received an anonymous letter to the effect that her fiancé, whom she described as a bachelor, had been married once before.

"I know the whole is probably exaggerated," I said. "But you realise my position. I can't possibly grant a certificate until the matter is completely cleared up. It will be necessary for your fiancé to call to see me about it. Explain things to him and get him to do that, will you?"

Naturally she was very upset.

But she was more upset still when she saw the effect of the message on David.

He never came to see me. Nor did he go to see her again.

As soon as he realised that I had discovered his scheme he just disappeared!

Regain YOUTH and VITALITY

Men and women can safely and surely restore their Health and Strength by taking PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast. This gives New Life and Vigour to all, and when taken regularly, the effects are most remarkable. Besides increasing your vitality in a wonderful degree, various ailments such as Indigestion, "Nerves," Neuritis and Rheumatism are quickly banished. Take PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast regularly—you'll really feel TWICE AS FIT and YEARS YOUNGER.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains the whole series of the life-giving B-Vitamins in rich abundance. Besides increasing the Nutritive Value of your food, these Vitamins stimulate Glandular activity in Nature's Own Way. PHILLIPS is perfectly safe for all ages and not habit-forming.

All Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/- Vest-pocket size . . 6d. Contains NO DRUG

Phillips TONIC YEAST

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

CROSSWORD No. 166.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 36 is presented the 166th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Dr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 31, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reserved Coupon on page 36. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie for the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but if more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allotted to one entrant in any contest.

A compliance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Every RUPTURE Sufferer Can Now Have Our Automatic Air Cushion Sent on Trial

Don't buy any rupture support until you've tried a Brooks on our no-risk trial. See yourself how this marvellous invention 'breathes', gives soft, firm support without gouging and holds without slipping—how it enables you to say 'good-bye' to rupture worries. Thousands already helped. Send at once for details of our 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER. Sent in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. LTD. (560A), 80 Oxford Lane, London, W.C.2. (560A) Nixon Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

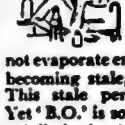
It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'

Not biting to-day, old man?—yet you're still enough for 'em to come eating out of your hand! But even as you sit quietly there you are perspiring—it's a natural function necessary to life.

Doctors say that everyone perspires as much as 1½ pints a day, so you see how necessary it is to keep the skin pores free. If they become clogged with waste matter Body-Odour is certain.

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap is your safeguard. There's a special antiseptic health element in its lather. This lather penetrates deep into the skin pores, removing all traces of perspiration—leaving the skin *safe* from Body-Odour.

Use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap regularly—for the protection it gives.



About 1½ pints of perspiration

are expelled from the average person's system daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

"B.O." *prevents* B.O. *(body-odour)*

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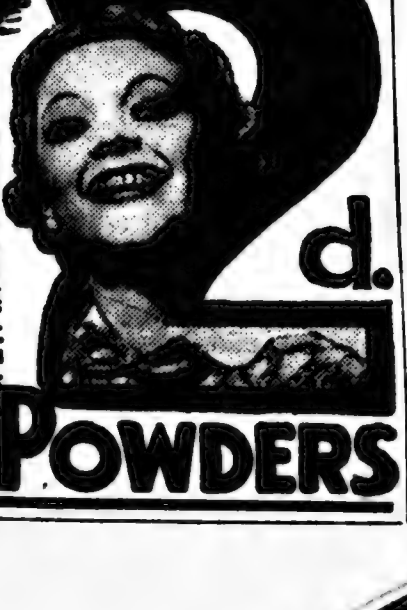

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BEECHAMS POWDERS

BRAND

"Crab Salad? .. no thanks"

"He staggered to his feet. We began to pelt the nearest crabs with nuts. But the rest still advanced"

Reader's Story

by James H. Verity, Albert Road, Devonport. "Silly of me," he wrote when he sent us the manuscript, "but I never eat crab now."

Why not tell JOHN BULL readers of your most exciting adventure? Send us your story, told in about 1,200 words, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the details are true and your story is published you will receive £5 5s. 0d.

"YOU can go ashore if you like," said the Second Mate, "but there's not much to do, and see you're back before dark."

"Righto," Lofty answered. "We'll find something to do. But what's the idea of the curfew?"

"Governor's orders. Don't know why, but you'll see a notice on the quay," was all the explanation we got.

From the ship's deck my pal Lofty and I had been admiring the Keeling Islands. I don't know whether you've ever been that way. In case you haven't, I'd better explain that the islands are in the Indian Ocean, half-way between Ceylon and Australasia.

Mostly they are jungle-covered, but we had spotted a silvery beach fringed by cocoanut groves and tropical fruit trees.

Lofty and I were keen to get there, and we were free till our cargo of copra was ready for loading.

When we got to the end of the quay we saw the Governor's notice. We were reading it when an elderly European came along. Lofty stopped him.

"What's it all about?" he enquired.

The European sized us up.

"Now and again," he said slowly, "crews have landed and returned a man short."

His air of mystery made me smile. "Are there savage beasts in the jungle?" I asked

He shook his head. "No. Not even snakes—at any rate, I've never seen one, and I have lived here ten years."

"Then where's the danger?"

"Sharks, of course," he replied, then paused and added, "You'd better be careful if you run across land crabs. We seem to breed a special variety."

Land crabs! We laughed. Not much to fear from them.

Very soon we reached a jungle of palms, mango trees and bananas. There were clearings fenced round with dense undergrowth and masses of gorgeous flowers. The air was sweetly scented, multi-coloured butterflies flitted from petal to petal, and birds of lovely plumage added to the beauty of the scene.

ONE beautiful bird, a vivid blue, with a long white tail, settled on the bushes before us, shaking out its feathers as though to show off its colouring.

Lofty and I agreed that this island was as near paradise as we'd ever been.

But the beach, when we got there at last, was rather a disappointment. Instead of sand, it was hard, white coral fringed by enormous waving palms.

But there were shells of shapes and sizes we had never seen before. We wandered along collecting the queerest when suddenly Lofty, who had gone ahead, called out:

"Blimey, what about these?"

Laying behind a cluster of coral rocks was a huge land crab. It was dead. A few yards away was another . . . more and more. There must have been a couple of dozen of the great, hideous bodies.

They were monsters. I have seen many land crabs in the tropics, but nothing to come near these giants.

We measured the width of a shell. It was nearly two feet across. The enormous claws looked terrifying. The nippers were as sharp as razors. A few of the shells had been cracked.

"SO these are the blighters that chap told us about," said Lofty. "Wonder what killed them off like this."

"Looks almost as if they had been scrapping," I said. "See the broken shells. A clan battle perhaps!"

It was then that we found the skeleton. Half-hidden under a bushy undergrowth it lay, partly covered by a few tattered rags. The remains of seaman's boots were by the feet.

"Not such a paradise after all," muttered Lofty. "Let's get out of this, Jim."

We turned towards a cluster of palms, then hesitated as a slight rustling sound came to our ears. Just ahead of us were a number of giant crabs as big as those we'd seen on the beach.

But they were alive. Swiftly they disappeared into holes at the roots of the palm trees.

As we walked on a large cocoanut fell very near me and split neatly in two. Lofty picked it up. I glanced up at the palm under which we were standing.

"Look!" I shouted, pointing to the top.

High above us, at the very top of the tree, was one of the giant crabs, with outstretched nippers, cutting down the nuts as clean as a whistle.

They fell down, one by one, their outer skins splitting as they hit the earth. Lofty gathered each one as it fell.

But he was too eager. I was just going to warn him when one of the nuts struck him on the head as he stooped. He fell down stunned.

I ran forward to help him up, and at the same moment saw the monster clambering down the tree. It descended so swiftly that it seemed almost to sail in the air.

As soon as it reached the ground it sidled menacingly towards Lofty, waving its enormous nippers. I threw a stone at it. It stopped and made a strange sort of hissing sound.

Horrified, I saw two, three, and then more of these brutes emerge from their holes. As though answering a summons, they advanced on us. The first creature approached Lofty again. I kicked at it and nearly broke my toe, for I was wearing only white canvas shoes. But it stopped.

And at that moment Lofty recovered his senses. Seeing the peril, he staggered to his feet and began to pelt the nearest crabs with nuts.

WHENEVER we hit one of the monsters it stopped, but the rest still advanced. One was so close that I thought it was going to seize my foot. I jumped heavily on it and my weight thrust it down. It waved its pincers feebly.

"Run for it, Jim," shouted Lofty.

And run we did. A battle with these hideous creatures was no picnic. We shot through that jungle as fast as our legs could carry us, and reached the ship, hot and breathless.

"Well, Lofty," I said that night, "I think we found the reason for the Governor's order."

"Yes," answered Lofty. "And I think we solved that other problem. That skeleton wasn't such a mystery after all."

DON'T LET

Holiday Headaches

SPOIL YOUR FUN

Always Remember Phensic

Take 2 tablets of Phensic to stop the pain which plays havoc with your nerves, to revive your spirits, to soothe away Neuralgia, sun-glare headache. Phensic will strengthen and refresh you. It will safely remove the cause of your pain. Doctors, Nurses and Specialists give Phensic because they know of nothing better, safer or more effective.

Take Two Tablets AND AWAY GOES PAIN

From any chemist: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Phensic

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THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

That Scrap of Paper

MOST swimming baths have what is known as a three-feet end.

Can you imagine that depth of water in your own home?

The bottom of the stairs would disappear from view. The stair carpet would be ruined. Modern settees and low, easy chairs would vanish, too.

Standing on the gas-stove, just high enough to enable you to keep your feet dry, you would be able to ruminate on the fate of the contents of drawers and cupboards.

A distressing spectacle for any housewife—but how much more acutely so to the Yorkshire woman who had this experience recently and saw that the floodwater was thick with mud.

For the best part of a day she battled against the flood. Then, when the waters had subsided sufficiently, she searched among her ruined possessions for the biggest treasure left to her by the disaster.

A piece of paper, that was all. But a piece of paper that was going to make good all the damage to her household possessions.

For she was one of the wise multitude of people who have qualified for the full protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free insurance gift—by the simple act of signing a coupon.

Are you protected against flood—and the many other misfortunes against which JOHN BULL offers to be your shield? If not, turn to that coupon now. It is on page 2.

It may be your turn next to need help.

Which Is Your LUCKY SHADE of Face Powder

NEW SKIN-TONE SHADES from PARIS

9 out of 10 women use the wrong shade of face powder

The wrong shade of powder gives you a horrid, hard "made-up" look — makes you appear years older. The only way to find *your* right shade is to try one colour on one side of your face and one on the other. Make this test to-day with the new exciting shades of Poudre Tokalon. These new "skin-tone" shades are blended by the aid of a new machine — the "Chromascope". Like a magic eye it selects colours with unfailing accuracy. No more powdered "made-up" look. Powder which *matches* the skin so perfectly it seems to become part of it. Poudre Tokalon is blended by a patent process with "Mousse of Cream." This makes it stay on all day even in wind and rain. Try Poudre Tokalon to-day. See what an amazing improvement it makes in your complexion.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 2221.), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

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Mrs. B. Gaisford, 642, Cedar Rd., London, N.W.2.
Slogan: "SanIzal kills germs in a sprinkling."

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Mr. Victor Tee, 41, Parham Rd., Gosport.
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All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

The Scourge of Modern Life

NEURASTHENIA

Sufferer's NERVES WENT TO PIECES

Fell a victim after Apparent Recovery from Accident

A Case from Dr. Cassells Records

HOW often does it happen that a man or woman gets over a serious illness or accident and apparently recovers, only to relapse and become a physical and mental wreck, a victim of that scourge of modern life — neurasthenia or weakened nerves. Dr. Cassells records are full of such cases. Look what happened to Mr. T.

"I had rather a bad accident but I was healthy enough and under proper medical care and attention my injuries apparently soon cleared up. But it was the after effects that were so bad. My nerves went all to pieces. I could not sleep and, although I had always had a good digestion, food disagreed with me and, to add to all, I began to suffer very badly with neuritis pains in my limbs. I took a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets and I never looked back after that. My nerve pains ceased and insomnia no longer troubled me. I recovered my appetite and now I never even suffer a twinge of discomfort from indigestion."

The remarkable thing about Dr. Cassells treatment is that so many sufferers never look back after taking a course. They not only cease to be troubled with insomnia, headaches shifting pains and nervous dyspepsia but they feel brighter, have more energy than ever before and are full of high spirits. The same wonderful relief awaits every sufferer from neurasthenia or nerve weakness. If you feel that your nerves are giving out and that you can no longer endure the strain, go to your chemist at once and begin a course to-day. Day by day you not only feel better but you look better—brighter, more alert and more sure of yourself.

The left picture shows a greatly magnified section of nerve fibre, but under-nourished and degenerate. The right picture shows this nerve fed back to health—regenerated.

Always remember that nervous trouble needs special treatment. Dr. Cassells Tablets are the result of close scientific research into the underlying causes of nervous weakness. Every ingredient is embodied for a specific purpose and each performs its own special task in overcoming the most insidious of modern maladies, neurasthenia.

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CITY SALE CO. LTD.

FOR BARGAINS——

Turn to "JOHN BULL'S Shop Window"

——on *Page 3*

A reader accuses modern women of "indolent cookery." But thousands of wives to-day could teach their grandmothers a lesson

Wives are in the pillory because four husbands have their say

Humanist's Page

PLAIN WORDS TO PRETTY WIVES

ONE of my readers—a man—accuses me of being too severe on husbands.

"Go for the women for a change," he urges. "Especially the pretty wives who don't understand their jobs."

But I have done—often.

After reading thousands of readers' problems I have decided the qualities and faults of men and women balance so nearly that there isn't a pin to choose between the sexes.

Men and women suffer alike from jealousy, bad temper, aggressiveness, selfishness, and most of the other things that spoil human happiness. Of course there are noble exceptions, but they are found on both sides.

However, I *will* give a letter that puts the masculine point of view in no uncertain way:—

"Having waded into marriage and up to their knees in hire-purchase debts, and not being satisfied with the burden they have, wives buy all the labour-saving devices brought to the back door.

"This, combined with indolent cookery and the overworking of the tin-opener, gets them into such a financial muddle that they want to stand their husbands on their heads and shake the dust from their trouser-pockets.

"Then they start wrangling about what they gave up to marry.

"As a matter of fact, they gave up nothing, merely transferring their interest from an office or workshop to their newly found Garden of Eden and a computation of their husbands' earnings to provide a life-pension.

"And they keep it up till love goes mingled with smoke up the chimney. When they have made the same mess in their Garden of Eden that Eve made in hers, they write to Humanist and tell him what dreadful brutes their husbands are.

"The obvious remedy is to abandon their coloured glasses and play a wifely part.

They would then find they could do what the few skilful wives do, that is, twist their husbands round their little fingers. . . ."

The writer of that letter has not set me any problem to solve. He has merely expressed an opinion and given one side of the picture.

HERE'S another unusual letter. It comes from a man who has recently lost his wife. He writes:

"Having read your articles in JOHN BULL for several years, I should like you to tell me why I should be so upset at the death of my wife.

"I have been married forty-two years, and soon found that my wife had taken to drink—to excess, I mean. There was always a row when I bought anything for the child, such as boots or clothes.

"I found I could not trust her with any money. There were empty whisky bottles in every cupboard. There were continuous rows. If I went out with her she used to be angry if people spoke to me.

"She had her good qualities, certainly. No one could come up to her in work; I was never neglected for food; and the house was always tidy. But the rows we used to have about drink! They were terrible. . . .

"But I was awfully upset at her death, and at the funeral I nearly collapsed altogether. Can you understand it?"

I think I can. The wife was not perfect, but she had some good qualities and a man remembers these things.

It is impossible for two people to live together for more than forty years without knowing the best and worst of each other. There is bound to be an awful blank for the one who lives longer.

There are so many little things one remembers in the presence of death—early memories, happy hours, incidents during courtship days, and in the first months of married life, the things she said, the way she laughed, the kindness conveyed by a glance or a tone of voice.

These little things, and hundreds of others, come back to mind when a wife has gone for ever.

Try to remember this when everything seems wrong in your home life.

Does it pay to be firm?

ANOTHER letter which reached me recently came from a man whose wife treated him shabbily. There is no point in telling the whole sad story about how she vanished without warning and took with her the little son he idolised.

The man is desperately anxious to see the lad again, but I mention the case because I want to quote a reflection which occurs at the end:

"I have often wondered whether one can be too good to a woman. I have seen quite a lot of family disturbances in my time, and it strikes me that the firmer a man is with his wife the more she respects him.

"I did everything I could think of to make her happy. I helped with the housework and she had the whole of my earnings (close on £7 a week), with the exception of a little pocket-money for myself. Yet she was never satisfied."

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

THE GIRL WHO DOES NOT CARE

MY last letter this week is from a young man who has not yet taken the plunge into matrimony. He is far from confident about the prospects.

"My fiancée and I have been courting for a year and I love her very dearly, but I am doubtful of her affection for me in spite of her assurances," he writes.

"We planned to go away for our summer holidays, and after arranging my break to coincide with hers she has now informed me, very sweetly, that she cannot 'see her way' to go, after all.

"Then, through the generosity of my employer, the staff and operatives are given an annual outing. We had discussed the matter and my fiancée had agreed to go with me. At the last moment she now tells me that she does not feel any inclination to come.

"She seems to be in her element when she can go opposite to my views and wishes, and takes a delight in telling me half a tale and leaving me to guess the rest.

"I am an easy-going fellow and my temper keeps well below zero; but this problem is beyond me altogether, and I shall be glad to receive your help."

Now, if I do not misinterpret the situation, this young man has been looking forward for a long time to this fortnight with his girl.

Then she upsets everything. He must spend his fortnight either alone or with casual acquaintances.

She has no right to play ducks and drakes with his plans in this way. There ought to be an honest explanation and a sincere apology.

Apparently she does not care. If she has grown tired of the man or found somebody else who appeals to her more, she ought to say so and let the man know where he stands. That may be the explanation. It does look suspiciously like it.

But there may be another possibility. The man may be too ready to be treated in such a fashion and she may be "playing him up."

Girls often do these things when a man is willing to submit. They do it because they are secretly infuriated and they would respect him twice as much if he would assert himself occasionally.

The least this man can do is to demand the reason for these sudden whims. If the girl can be so unreasonable during courtship, she is likely to develop into a tyrannical young wife.

USE BEFORE SMILING. MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH.

Isn't it a fact that the instant you smile, eyes light upon your teeth. If you are afraid to show your teeth, here is good news. Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid does to the acid stain and film on tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white. There is one toothpaste called Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' It is such a marvellous whitener of tooth enamel because it instantly neutralizes harmful mouth acids which encourage ugly stains, dirty colour and tartar. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia to-day and try it. Results will show why over twelve thousand dentists are urging their patients to use it every day. Sold everywhere, 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

BE PROUD OF YOUR FIGURE

Thanks to IRVONA you can possess New Strength! New Nerves! New Power! New Energy! No more need YOU be robbed of romance, popularity, success, pleasure and health by a skinny, scraggy frame! IRVONA will give you a Beautifully-Developed Bust, subtle curves and figure lines which are the highest expressions of beauty—a figure to be proud of.

Read this Case:—"After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

MEN If you are skinny, with sunken chest, "spindle-like" limbs, pale cheeks and weak appearance, Irvona will give you a strong, healthy, figure and increased stamina and physique.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from: IRVONA (Dept. 93F), 1, GREENE STREET, LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to Eire). No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

A TYPICAL IRVONA FIGURE OF BEAUTY

SCALY PATCHES OR ERUPTIONS ON BODY, ARMS, LEGS, KNEES, ELBOWS, OR SCALP

If you are a victim of Psoriasis and suffer from scaly patches on the body, arms or legs, knees and elbows, or scale and dandruff on the scalp, there is a treatment which can be of the greatest service to you. Sufferers who want to banish their skin trouble, or the scalp trouble so frequently associated with Psoriasis, must get to know about this grand Treatment. It is most important for you to do so if you value a healthy skin and scalp. Our advice to sufferers is :—Write for particulars of the Treatment now. Remember, this Treatment is a necessity to all suffering from Psoriasis!

The grand results achieved by the Treatment are a revelation of what can be done in cases of Psoriasis. No other form of treatment can show such success. The Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers.

Those Psoriasis spots and patches on the arms, legs and body, which cause you such despair, soon fade away, and instead you get a clear healthy skin—same as you used to have. It does not matter how long you have suffered, the Treatment's powerful influence and healing power is the same as in cases of shorter duration. Stubborn cases, which have defied all efforts for years, rapidly yield to this splendid Treatment.

Scurf, matted scales and dandruff on the scalp urgently require thorough treatment. Under the Treatment the scurf, matted scales, dandruff and inflamed pimples subside, and you are rewarded by a beautifully clear scalp with healthy hair growth.

Fill in the Coupon below and send it to National College, for the free illustrated publication which explains everything. You will be gratified by the results achieved by the Treatment.

LEG ECZEMA

ITCHING, DRY & WEEPING

VARICOSE leg Eczema arises from the same causes as varicose ulcers. Sometimes it is dry and intolerably itchy. At other times it is raw, inflamed and weeping. Sometimes the whole leg is one red mass of skin inflammation from the knees to the toes. At other times the Varicose Eczema is all around the ankle. Both forms of complaint are chronic and can only be cured by proper treatment. The "bit of this and that" is useless. A special form of Tremol Treatment is prepared for Varicose Leg Eczema, and the results to the chronic sufferer are most gratifying and amazing. The leg Eczema is quickly cured. The redness, soreness, inflammation and weeping soon vanish. The itching and irritation is rapidly subdued. All discomfort quickly goes away, and a clean, natural healthy skin is your reward. The leg is thoroughly cured.

If you suffer from leg Eczema and want to get rid of the complaint, write at once to National College, and get the free book which tells you how to get cured to stay cured.

BAD LEGS

LEG ULCERS AND WOUNDS

THERE are scores of so-called leg remedies, but there is only one Tremol Treatment for Bad Legs. See that you get it. Your bad leg is too serious a matter, too painful a complaint, too great a handicap, to be trifled with. Make sure that you get the right treatment. Little "bits" of this and "bits" of that will never heal your Bad Leg. You must do the thing thoroughly and have proper and correct treatment for your leg prepared specially for your own case by those who know how to make your leg sound and well. Many thousands of Bad Leg Sufferers have had their legs made sound and well by the Tremol Treatment and hundreds are being cured to-day. The Tremol specialists have devoted their lives to the cure of Wounds and Ulcers and Eczema of the legs. They are experts in leg complaints. They are ready and willing now to heal your Bad Leg straight away if you will write and allow them to do this service for you.

HAVE DONE WITH THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG

At best that wound is a daily worry and nuisance. At the worst it is terrible to you in its agonising pain and irritation. It allowed to go on it will make you a cripple for life. Besides, there is the risk of burst veins, and blood poisoning ever present with a wound or ulcerated leg.

Write to-day to the address below. Give the word now, and banish for ever your leg trouble. It does not matter where you live. From Land's End to John o' Groats the Treatment cures—in your own home—by your own fireside. Your age matters not—the Treatment cures Bad Legs at all ages. You may have tried twenty other remedies—that fact counts for nothing. Thousands upon thousands have been cured under Tremol Treatment and they have all tried plenty of other remedies before being cured by Tremol. No matter where you have been or what you have tried this Treatment is certain in its results and can bring about your complete recovery.

Suffer no more pain and waste no more time. Fill in the coupon and send it to The National College, Ward B.L., Great Clowes Street, Manchester 7. You will then receive a free illustrated Book which explains everything and commence to cure yourself in your own home.

Is there an open wound?
Is your leg ulcerated?
Is the ulcer inflamed?
Does the wound discharge?
Does the ulcer form scale?
Is the wound getting larger?
Have you had false healing with the ulcer breaking out again.?

If you suffer from any of these leg ulcer troubles, write to-day. It will be your first step towards recovery.

ECZEMA AND SKIN ERUPTIONS

This is the most common disease of the skin. Any part may be affected and the trouble may arise in many ways. Blood impurities, Insect Bites, Germ infection, Food poisoning, Over-heated blood, Long-standing, Varicose Veins, Mental worry and shock are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease. Drugs—as with chemical workers, Starch—as with bakers, Soaps—as with laundry workers, Plants—as with gardeners, irritate sensitive skins and also set up an Eczema condition. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested, and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales, which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales, and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. If you suffer you feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief. But at what a terrible cost. You know you must not scratch, but to have the itchiness and irritation and leave it alone is more than you can bear. You can be rid of this distress. Your relief is here at hand. Send for full particulars of the Treatment.

SPECIAL Treatment is prescribed to suit each case of Eczema and skin eruptions. Chronic Eczema is conquered, disfiguring face eruptions vanish, itching, irritable, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. Read these questions:

1. Do you suffer from Eczema or Dermatitis? 2. Do you suffer from Psoriasis? 3. Have you Pimples or Blackheads on the face, chest or back? 4. Are there Eruptions or Matted Scales on the Scalp? 5. Is there dreadful Itchiness? 6. Is the skin red, inflamed or Eczematous? 7. Are the hands or feet affected? Are there Eruptions on the Knees, Elbows, or Body?

If you suffer from any of these skin troubles write at once to the National College for the free illustrated publication, and get your skin trouble cured straight away. Fill in the coupon.

SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL LEGS

WHAT do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues and caused the swelling. You may think they look unsightly. They may be, but the end is worse than looks unless you get proper treatment. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point, and an open wound and Bad Leg result. Perhaps the joints are all swollen and painful. If so, there is deep-seated inflammation. The blood vessels and lymphatic cells under the skin are charged full of acid poison, which, if not speedily removed, will bring on Synovitis and joint disease. Trifling remedies are useless. You must get those swollen limbs properly treated before it is too late. Get at the root cause. Write to National College and get the free book, which tells you how to cure your swollen limbs at home in comfort and quickly. Sign the coupon below and send to-day.

VARICOSE VEINS

THE dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hæmorrhage. The stages in the development of Varicose Veins are:—

(1) Simple Dilatation. (2) Loss of Elasticity. (3) Dilatation in all directions. (4) Shrinkage and Atrophy of the Vein Valves. (5) Thrombosis with swelling, ulceration, or Varicose Eczema.

If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest Specialist in the world could not cure them. They cannot be cured by operations, for if they are cut out, the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed, too. They cannot be cured by injections, because, unfortunately, the hopes based upon injection Treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins again canalise, and the Treatment involves risk of Thrombosis, Ulceration, and Eczema. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractible power. Under Tremol Treatment, the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. *Get the free Illustrated Book now, which tells you all about your Varicose Veins. Fill in the Coupon to-day and send it to-day to the National College.*

WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS CASES REPRESENTING FEES EQUAL TO £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAVE BEEN REFUSED ACCEPTANCE RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH WERE NOT CONSIDERED SUITABLE.

Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. This statement being absolutely true furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. BOYD CABLE, the well-known AUTHOR and TRAVELLER, after an exhaustive study of the facts, says of the Tremol Treatment:—

"This Treatment is an honest and proved method of cure, and those administering it are doing good humane work where it is most needed, and are entitled to all recognition of their success." Therefore write for the book at once.

A limited number of copies of this interesting book with full particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL LEGS, ECZEMA OR SKIN DISEASE, PSORIASIS or VARICOSE VEINS, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Sign the coupon below, and get the book. SEND NOW. WHY CONTINUE TO SUFFER?

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College, Ward B.L., 208, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, 7.

FREE COUPON

Ward B.L.

ADDRESS: National College, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, 7.

Please send valuable book and all particulars of treatment free of charge.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

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State Complaint .....

National College of Health, Ltd.

YOU CAN JUDGE...

Competitors' Parliament conducted By "Compex"

"Bullets" Illustrated: Shock For The Sergeant—"Hore-Belisha Distinctly Stated—"

HAVING sent in one or two *Bullets* like the following without reward, I believe that the prizes are not awarded on merit. This effort, for instance, compared favourably with the winners on the same *Example:* UNDER THE SWASTIKA—SUBSTITUTES "KEEP THEM THERE."—T. E. P., Sheffield.

As I have already stated, I cannot undertake to criticise individual efforts unless by so doing I am likely to assist a number of competitors. But your letter suggests a novel feature for this page.

I offer no comments on the "Bullet," but I will award a prize for each of the three best postcard criticisms of it which I receive from your fellow "Bulleteers." Address postcards, "Criticism," "Compex," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Post on or before Monday next, August 14.

For Beginners

I have just sent in this *Bullet* as my first attempt. Can you tell me if it is any good?—Learner, Llantrisant, Glam.

This was my first entry, and I was very disappointed not to get a prize. What was the matter with this *Bullet?*—H. N., Wrekerton, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

Efforts showed some promise, but were not, in my opinion, sufficiently apt in relation to the chosen Examples. Notice how clearly each of this week's winners fits its Example. To achieve this all-important link, select and study the Examples as carefully as you choose and arrange your own words.

Free Help

What is *Bullets Bulletin?* Is it sold by newsagents? What is the price?—F. J., Leeds.

This helpful little JOHN BULL weekly, supplied by post only, is available to all would-be winners in "Bullets": the "Crossword Gazette" performs a similar service for Crosswords. No charge, save ½d. weekly postage. You can make sure of receiving a regular supply of both "Bulletin" and "Gazette" by sending off the Reservation coupon from page 39.

Should Parsons Compete?

I saw a while ago that a clergyman won a prize in *Bullets*. Now he is not a very spiritual minister, or he would have nothing to do with such a thing.—"Disgusted," Glasgow.

I have before me a convincing answer to your comments, provided by a keen parson "Bulleteer," showing that there is nothing Unchristian in competing for the prize-money in skill contests like "Bullets." You shall have a copy.

Lines About Loan

Will you explain how LOAN could possibly be justified as answer to the Crossword clue, "There may be times when person specially asks for meat to be this"? I lost with LEAN.—F. S., Calne.

There are MANY occasions on which lean meat is asked for: there MAY be times when a person specially asks for meat as a loan, perhaps for exhibition at, say, a refrigerator demonstration. LOAN was therefore preferred as the more accurate answer.

What the S.-M. Says

I consider *Bullets* the best competition ever. My best prize so far has been a Christmas parcel, but I firmly believe that all have equal opportunity of promotion to the top of the prize-list.—W. J. B., Sergt.-Major, R.A., London.

It has always been my policy to agree with sergeant-majors; here I can do so with sincerity. Life in the Services today gives plenty of time for entering competitions, and there have been many big winners in the forces already.

Sportsmanship

I congratulate the judges on their fairness. My advice to some others is this: If you cannot be a good winner, don't be a bad loser!—Miss E. M. S. W., Balcombe.

Sport could not live without good sportsmanship—nor "Bullets" without a majority of fair-minded supporters like you. May your words weigh well with the grousers!

All Ages

Out of fairness to *Bullets* entrants, may I suggest that the judges should be of varied ages? It takes the experience of age to be in sympathy with the opinions of youth.—T. A., Worcester.

The Competition Editor tells me that among the judges are newlyweds and grandfathers, young bachelors and middle-aged ones. In fact, there is just the blending of youth and age that, as you suggest, is desirable for all viewpoints to be appreciated.

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Instant relief from "APPALLING" ACIDITY

Perhaps you are one of the many people who suffer silently from acid stomach, thinking "nearly everybody has it, so why should I make a fuss!"

If you are you will be interested in this letter received last month from a London sufferer: "I have suffered appallingly from acidity, so, having found instant relief from Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I have no hesitation in testifying to its efficacy. It is a marvellous preparation. My wife and I never fail to keep a bottle of your powder handy."

Why go on suffering when there is such a quick, sure remedy always at hand! This famous powder is more than a corrective of acidity. It also puts a protective coating over the inflamed stomach wall and acts as a natural cleanser to stomach and intestines. Thus, in addition to the relief it gives, it also prevents more serious trouble developing.

But it must be MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, Powder or Tablets. New slide-top pocket tin (50 tablets), 1/3: also 6d. tin (15 tablets).

When Your DOG SCRATCHES —do what Dog EXPERTS do

To prevent (or cure) Scratching, Listlessness, Bad Breath, Skin and Coat Troubles, etc., 81 out of every 100 Dog Experts use, and "swear by," Karswood Dog Powders—which are the *only* powders that correct all internal disorders that cause doggy ailments. Leaflet in packets explains why. Get a packet.—4 powders 3d.—9 for 6d., or 21 for 1/-, from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Dog Food Shops, etc., to-day. £100 for DOG SNAPSHOTS. When buying Karswood Dog Powders ask for Free Entry Form for Karswood Dog Snapshot Competition. Over £60 prizes must be won. If unable to obtain Entry Form, write E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., Adelphi, Salford, 3, Manchester—at once!

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CALIBRE 22-177 With Sunsight and Peepsight

WEBLEY & SCOTT LTD. 228, WEAMAN STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 4

Race with "Silver Ring" — Off to Ostend

FOLLOWING in the wake of the Prime Minister—but scorning to take my umbrella with me—I made the journey by 'plane to Munich to see the race for the Brown Band, premier classic of the German Turf.

The day—July 30—was brilliantly fine, and there was a crowd of about 30,000, but it cannot be said that there was the same air of gaiety that one notes at Longchamps on Grand Prix Day, to say nothing of Epsom or Derby Day.

Maybe the visitors would have "let themselves go" had the Italian favourite for the Brown Band proved successful.

He was, however, beaten into third place by the French horses, Goya II and Antonym, both of which are known to followers of the sport in this country.

The German-trained horses in the field were well beaten

I am booked for one more Continental trip before the summer ends, to see the race for the Grand International at Ostend on August 27.

Goya II and Antonym are likely to renew their rivalry on the Ostend track, and other French challengers will be Cillas and the highly rated three-year-old Mon Tresor III.

According to present plans, we shall send over three candidates—Cockpit, Atout Maitre and Puzzler. The two first-named are engaged in the St. Leger.

Personally, I've already made up my mind that this is just the trip for Atout Maitre.

If you want to give yourself a real treat, you should go over to Ostend on August 27. The *Sporting Life* is organising one of its jolly parties, at an all-in cost of three guineas, and full particulars of the trip will be sent if you drop a line, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope to the *Sporting Life* Office, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. No passports are required

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, August 10, to Wednesday, August 16.

S O Y A L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 92
K X U Z R 98 96 G J D V B N H E T

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CRY95D960295L would read BLUE PETER. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: 96RZ98R96K2 would read FLAWLESS.

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BE YOUR OWN BOSS. MAKE money, sell again. Ladies', Gent's & Children's Bargains in Drapery, Silk Stockings, Rankies, Socks, Neckties, etc. Catalogue & Guide free, worth pounds.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY, 120 assid. articles 10/-. 48 cups scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 160-page catlg. of up-to-the-minute lines. — L. Frankenberg, Ltd., 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS Wanted.—Eatonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No outlay. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and partics.—Eatons (Dept. 38), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS should write for details of best Commission offer yet made.—Brigonia, 99B, East Parade, Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Fry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods. XMAS GIFT every Agent. BIG CASH BONUS. P.C. brings Wonderful Catlg. & Comms. Terms. —Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43), Shipley.

TEA Agents Wanted in all districts. Excellent profits. No exp. required. Send for details to Imperial Tea Agency, Mitcham, Surrey.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS, see our Unbeatable terms before deciding. Best Gift offer YOUR CHOOSING. Prizes. Satis. Gntd. Gift NOW every applicant.—EMBASSY (Dept. 9), Brighouse.

CASH Comm., 2/- to 7/6 in the £. Every Agent Beautiful Tea Set Free, Xmas Club Agents wtd. Dennis & Co. (Dept. J.), Colne, Lancs.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big Cash profits. Free gift value 5/6 to every agent. Huge coloured art Catalogue of Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Wines, etc. No outlay. Free outfit and particulars from SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 26), Bradford.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWEN'S, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS wanted for the oldest, largest and best club. New catalogue now ready. Over 1,000 articles. No outlay. Excellent commission. Free gift to every applicant for partics.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., MARSHALL ST., LEEDS.

BIG Commission and valuable prizes offered to agents for our Private Christmas Cards. Open to anyone. We will send you a complete selection of newest designs. No experience needed and nothing to buy. You will only have to show them and the cards will sell themselves. The earlier you start the more you earn. Write immediately to G. DENTON & CO., LTD., Dept. 28C, ACCRINGTON.

WE give the N.A.C.C.O. seal of Security to Agents who apply for our 1939 Xmas Catalogue. Highest Comm. Free Gifts, etc.—Write, Rawlings Clubs, Ltd., Gift House, Hull.

AGENTS wanted to Sell the Famous CASTLE Series Private Xmas Cards. No risk or outlay. BIG PROFITS CERTAIN. SAMPLE BOOK FREE.—Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 50, Anchor Court, PRESTON.

HOW TO EARN MORE MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS. Sell private Christmas Cards among your friends in your spare time. The profits will give you the gayest Christmas you've ever spent. It's dead easy. Helpful suggestions. High remuneration and valuable prizes.—Write for sample book and full particulars to FIRTH, GRAHAM & CO., LTD., Dept. 89C, Corporation Street, ACCRINGTON.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, Dept. A., BALMORAL WORKS, BLACKBURN.

AMBITIOUS AGENTS desiring a REALLY OUTSTANDING SAMPLE BOOK of Private Christmas Cards with HIGHER COMMISSION and BETTER PRIZES should write at once for the FAMOUS 1939 "VICTORIA" SERIES. A TRULY MARVELLOUS COLLECTION OF DAINTY CARDS, SUPERB CALENDARS and AMUSING NOVELTIES. Published specially for discriminating Agents by BRITAIN'S LARGEST XMAS CARD SPECIALISTS. Book free. Carr. paid.
JONES, WILLIAMS & CO.,
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VICTORIA WORKS, PRESTON.

AGENTS WANTED for PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. MOST SUCCESSFUL MANUFACTURERS offer CARRIAGE PAID WORLD-FAMED "ORIENT" Sample Book of copyright designs. YEARS AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITION: UNIQUE and CHARMING CALENDARS; DELIGHTFUL ANIMAL STUDIES; BOOKMARK; SPECIAL BLOTTER BOOK; POCKET DIARY; 52-page ENGAGEMENTS DIARY; ROYAL FAMILY CALENDAR and finest collection of BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS CARDS and Novelties ever published; our new features will create a sensation. With this book your profits are sure. HIGHEST COMMISSION and PRIZES FOR ALL.—HAMILTONS, ORIENT WORKS, Dept. 18, BLACKBURN.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS who wish to MAKE MONEY, want the BEST Sample Book —WE HAVE IT. The "CITY" Series is full of SPECIALITIES and SEASONABLE Cards and Calendars. "City" offers the BEST selling BOOK (free of cost), the MOST profitable COMMISSION and also free GIFTS. Write for particulars to THE PRIVATE XMAS CARD MFG. CO. (Dept 5), New City Works, St. Simon Street, MANCHESTER, 3.

A GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY to make POTS OF MONEY in your spare time. Britain's LARGEST ART MANUFACTURERS offer you FREE the world-famous "SNOWBALL" book of Calendars and Christmas Cards, containing 32 pages of the loveliest and most thrilling designs ever produced, from 2/- PER DOZEN. Millions of PACKET CARDS, too, from 6d. PER DOZEN. Enrol to-day. Nowhere else can you obtain such amazing value. M.P.A., Dept. 52, Ribblesdale Mills, Preston.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE: 10s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 30s.

A MONEY-MAKING spare-time hobby. Unfailing way of earning £3-£5 per week in leisure hours—beginners welcomed. No experience or capital needed. Everything supplied free.—Write (mentioning *John Bull*) for details to Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap. Samples free with leaflets, "Business Helps."—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

SUFFERERS from bad legs, eczema and skin eruptions should not overlook the special offer on page 33.

EMPLOYMENT.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal Courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

IS YOUR NOSE WORTH 6D.

IS it worth 6d. to be able to breathe freely?—able to taste?—able to smell?—to be free from dread Hay Fever?—to be saved from the relentless grip of insidious Catarrh? Get a 6d. tin of 'Mentholatum' from your Chemist. Use this remarkable, penetrative, antiseptic, breathable salve as directed. In 30 seconds you will experience amazing relief and after a short treatment you will gain the upper hand over your Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold troubles. Get your 6d. tin of 'Mentholatum' to-day—use some to-night—and feel better to-morrow. (Pronounce it MEN-THO-LAY-TUM.)

MENTHOLATUM

BRAND BALM

Also sold in 1/3 jars and tubes, containing more than three times the 6d. size.
If you prefer, ask for the **LIQUID** form, price 1/3 complete with dropper.

Stops the Attack or Money Back

WOOLS.—Rug from 1/- lb.; Chenille 7½d.; Knit from 2d. oz.; Angora 3d. ball. 16-page Rug Guide & samps. free. Please enclose 2d. postage. Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Ne. Tyne.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

A GUARANTEED GENT'S WATCH for 4/9 with your own initials engraved FREE. 100 other Watch offers. See Initial Products Co.'s announcement on page 3.

FOR 3/11 you can obtain a non-mechanical Suction Brush. Sucks up all dirt and dust. See F. Hughes' advertisement on page 3.

LOOK to your Lawn. Now is the right time to secure a Garden Scythe from Wm. Penn, Ltd. See the advertisement on page 3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

POLICEMEN WANTED URGENTLY in all parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. For full details of easy Entrance write B.T.I. (Dept. 603), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

NOW is your chance to get into a skilled key position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you.—Write, Dept. F.A.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourself into a Key position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training; we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering; Building; G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, prospects, etc., FREE from N.I.E. (Dept. 363), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.

MEN are now accepted for training as ARMOURERS, WIRELESS OPERATORS, FLIGHT-MECHANICS and FLIGHT-RIGGERS, MEDICAL AIRMEN, EQUIPMENT ASSISTANTS, TELEPRINTER OPERATORS, INSTRUMENT REPAIRERS, ELECTRICIANS, BALLOON OPERATORS, MOTOR-BOAT CREW, PHOTOGRAPHERS, etc. Age limits, 17½-35.

There are also vacancies for skilled men in the following trades:—FITTERS, METAL WORKERS, TURNERS, ELECTRICIANS, CARPENTERS, MOTOR DRIVERS, COOKS AND BUTCHERS, CLERKS.

Apply at any Post Office for copy of free booklet or at the R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal Courses will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged under 21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 901), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, FREE. —Dept. A.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc, apply B.T.I. (Dept. 531), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year; ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY, there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

£150 for DOG SNAPSHOTS! Simply take a happy "snap" of your dog and enter it in the easy Dog Snapshot Competition run by the makers of Karswood Dog Powders. For further parties. see page 34.

HAVE you tried Solidox, the wonderful new dentifrice? 6d. buys a big tube. Solidox is not an ordinary toothpaste, it contains a new ingredient which not only removes, but prevents tartar, the common cause of many dental troubles. Start at once to give your teeth this protection. Use Solidox regularly. See page 27.

GIVE yourself and your family a real treat with Marie Elisabeth Sardines. Tasty and delicious, they have a distinctive flavour which makes them so appetising. For tea, or summer snacks, or served with a green salad, they are enjoyable as well as nourishing. Always have Marie Elisabeth Sardines handy. See page 27.

ACCEPT this FREE double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.31, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See page 37.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222L), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. See page 31.

THAT defective teeth are incompatible with good health and general efficiency is nowhere more widely recognised than in the Territorial Army of to-day. This year the thousands of men under canvas will have the opportunity of including in their kit a tube of Kolynos Dental Cream. This has been made possible by co-operation between Territorial Headquarters and the makers of this well-known Toothpaste. Were Napoleon living to-day he might well declare that, though it marches on its stomach, to be effective as a fighting machine an army must be armed—TO THE TEETH!

FINAL 2 WEEKS
OF JOHN BULL'S'
X-WORD HOLIDAY OFFERS
£20 WEEKLY for LIFE
£250
PLUS SEASIDE HOLIDAY WEEK for TWO
£150 INCREASED HOLIDAY CASH
for 1st RUNNERS-UP—UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

ACROSS CLUES

1. It may need hard work to build this up after collapse
2. It's seldom easy to get on one once it has started
4. Cry of a sheep
8. To take trick in this would rarely be difficult to expert
9. Metal is very often hammered into
11. Summer sometimes comes in
12. Plans for one should be worked out carefully if you want to make success of it
14. Slippery fish
21. Poor weather usually makes great difference to number of people who go to this
22. May be rather important in fencing

DOWN CLUES

1. There is often one to wash up after big dinner party
3. One outside public-house is still quite a common sight
5. Assist
6. One about the vegetables will annoy gardener
7. Man who's always chiselling, clearly hasn't much use for this
10. Even hardy bathers will find it rather chilly to go in this in autumn
13. If slimming exercises result in your getting this, it means they're unsuitable for you
15. Number of years in Tipperary
16. Way pen is made may possibly result in one getting this
17. Sounds very much like "you"
18. There's sometimes a good deal of silver about one
19. It's surprising how rough and choppy the water can get in one
20. In some cases police encourage men to do this

☞ Turn to page 34 for the NEW HELP for 'CROSSWORDERS'

£1,600 Won in Crossword No. 163

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 163, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see below) were the following four competitors:

D. BORGHO, Cosa Nostra, Croft Avenue, Andover, Hants.
T. J. HILL, 119, Errol Street, Liverpool, 17.
R. KANE, 23, Sharon Gardens, Hackney, E.9.
J. F. McHUTCHON, Sunnyside, Vowchurch, Hereford.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £1,350 and a cheque for £337 10s. 0d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 15, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £150 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 34 Competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £4 8s. 3d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

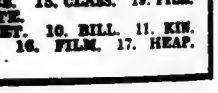
An additional £100 Holiday Cash will be divided between Runners-up who submitted for this Contest 8 squares or more, or equivalent on "Time-Save" Entry Sheet.

CROSSWORD No. 163 WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by Competitors were those seen in the square on right.

Spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points **POET** or **PORT**, **CABS** or **COBS** and **MAP** or **MOP** were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon below.



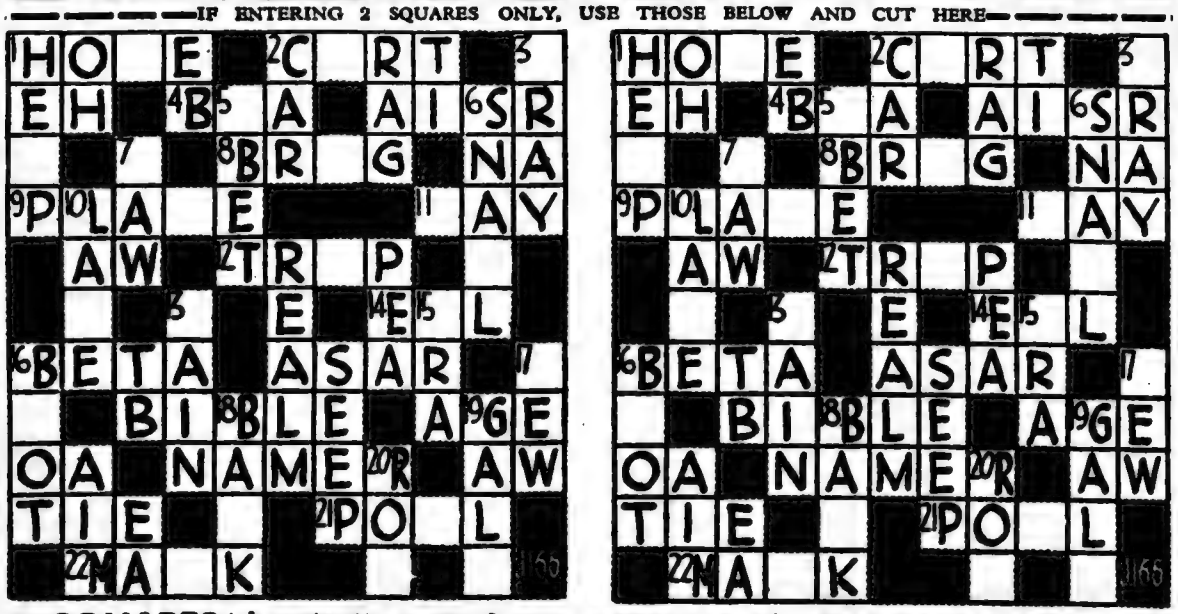
WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. HOUSE. 3. LAP. 5. POET or PORT. 6. OWE. 7. ROVE. 8. SPORT. 9. CABS or COBS. 15. CLASS. 19. PILE. 20. APE. 22. MAP or MOP. 23. PATE.
DOWN.—1. HERO. 2. POOR. 4. WET. 10. BILL. 11. KIN. 12. WASTE. 13. HEN. 14. SHOP. 16. FILM. 17. HEAP. 18. CUT. 20. ALP. 21. RED.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

TRY THESE **NEW Double-size SQUARES** | **"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 166. Closing Postmark—FRIDAY, AUG. 18.**

IF ENTERING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. Value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 166, "John Bull," 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ANOTHER GIANT OFFER COMING SOON!

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "A/C"; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, August 18, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, August 19.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

Who wants £750 *FREE*?

Each sender of Crossword entry value 1s. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Giant Holiday Offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 31. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 5, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £260 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 29.

CUT ROUND HERE

FREE "Crossword Gazette" COUPON

Affix 1½d. Stamp here. | Affix 1½d. Stamp here.

You are invited to enclose this with your Entry or post direct to "Gazette" Dept., 39, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on 6 weeks' supply of the SLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette."

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

The Last Laugh

It is only when you are in trouble that you realise how precious good advice can be.

You can always rely on JOHN BULL. A staff of experts is waiting to solve your problems.

And advice is yours for the asking. All you have to do is to send a stamped addressed envelope, with your enquiry, to "John Bull's" Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

On this page are replies to humorous letters from our readers. They are for your entertainment.

TOPSY (Torquay).—"I've got a beautiful new evening frock, but my heart isn't in it." Great Scot! Surely it isn't cut as low as all that?

Mrs. T. Y. (March).—"When I asked my husband for a little money, what do you think he said?" How little?

J. M. (Glasgow).—"It isn't often you find me at cheap dance halls." You get in free at the more expensive ones?

C. V. (Maidenhead).—"When I see that my wife is getting worked up, I offer her a cigarette." And it all ends in smoke!

Mr. F. (Grimsby).—"By next week I shall have worked for the same boss for 25 years." See letter below.

Mrs. P. (Grimsby).—"My husband and I celebrate our silver wedding next week." See letter above.

F. T. (Weston).—"There are still more wonderful fish in the sea than ever came out." So some of our angling friends tell us after a day's fishing.

GROCER (Wembley).—"I told the lady I had run out of cheese and she left the shop laughing." Did you see the joke too?

E. N. (Streatham).—"In some suburbs a man is judged by the clothes he wears." And a woman by those she hangs on the line.

A. R. (Kensington).—"It is far cheaper to travel by road than by rail. Take my car, for instance." Thanks. Where do you keep it?

M. H. (Darwen).—"After each of us had paid for several rounds of drinks, I began to wonder how we stood." With difficulty, I imagine.

J. F. (Stroud).—"My wife tells everyone she is making a man of me." No doubt she agrees with the old saying that a woman's work is never done.

E. N. (Perth).—"Do you realise that perjury in a court may lead to a long term of imprisonment?" We must refrain in future from saying "Sorry, partner," when we poach at tennis.

G. M. (Tadcaster).—"Open any newspaper nowadays and what do you see?" Print.

T. G. (Gourock).—"Money is all right, but give me intelligence." Sorry, but we can't do nature's work for her.

E. R. (Rochester).—"The best after-dinner speech is brief and to the point." Such as "This is on me, old man."

Cecil (Clapton).—"I have just had ten suits stolen from my flat, but, when I told the police, they wouldn't believe me." Nor do we!

A. L. (Hoylake).—"I saw a play the other night with only three actors in the cast." We've seen one or two plays with three less than that.

Mrs. K. H. (Wrexham).—"How can I make certain that no drop of liquor shall ever again touch my husband's lips?" Make him drink through a straw.

ASTRONOMER (Hendon).—"There may be great wealth in the moon." Even taking into consideration what the song-writers have made out of it?

L. K. (Kettering).—"It's all the same to me whether a new acquaintance speaks to me in Spanish, Russian or Arabic." We cannot understand any of them, either.

B. G. (Bromley).—"You will soon be seeing quite a lot of me at your office." We shall be satisfied if we see only your back.

E. K. (Royston).—"Should the chief guest at a dinner sit on the host's right hand?" If the host doesn't mind going without his dinner.

F. M. (Margate).—"A spectator at the boxing match shouted 'Foul play,' and was ejected by attendants." The same thing might happen to anybody equally outspoken at a theatrical first night.

HEADMASTER (Birmingham).—"I sent two of my pupils to London recently to listen to the debates in the House of Commons." But surely a good caning would have been just as effective?

E. M. (Bury).—"A spectacular dancing display was given on our cricket ground this afternoon." After which, we suppose, the batsman rubbed his thigh and asked the bowler to cut out the body-line stuff?

N. K. (Deal).—"My little daughter can be most embarrassing at times. What do you think she said to a Customs official when he was going through my luggage?" You're getting warm?

A. M. (Anerley).—"I predict that our weather will gradually improve in the next hundred years." Not much consolation when we're starting our holidays next week!

SPINSTER (Leeds).—"I thought of inserting an advertisement in a newspaper that a lonely woman seeks light and warmth in her life." Well, you're certain to hear from the local electric light and gas companies.

The Kid - By Lees

P. P. (Hatch End).—"I've got a very indifferent sort of horn on my car." You mean it just doesn't give a hoot?

H. L. J. (Wantage).—"Did you follow the article I sent you last week?" No, the slit in the pillar-box was too small.

H. N. (Cromer).—"Although I am passionately fond of my music, I never put it before my wife." She couldn't play it?

Miss J. (Cardiff).—"I waited for him a solid half-hour by the station clock." And then found he had been waiting a solid half-hour by the booking office?

R. L. (Colchester).—"I travel fifty miles to London by train every day, and what do you think I get at the end of the week?" Very tired.

T. M. (Lancing).—"I wouldn't touch a turbot for five pounds." But you wouldn't mind borrowing from some other poor fish?

ALL-IN WRESTLER (Hoxton).—"Whilst on holiday I tried to forget all about my profession but found it impossible." Those deck-chairs do take some fixing, don't they?

Mrs. D. (Norwich).—"I was surprised to find the lads helping themselves to the farmer's green apples. You would think a feeling inside would tell them not to." Probably it did later on.

C. A. (Southend).—"My 3d. try at a shooting gallery here won a vase not worth twopence." Try shooting *Bullets* instead—you may well hit that £750 bull's-eye on page 39.

Miss M. (Ingatestone).—"I really do have bad luck. This morning I lost my umbrella, an hour later my gloves and then my handbag. And what do you think I lost next?" Your temper?

Mrs. K. (Bude).—"Thanks to the fact that my husband struggled until he reached the top of the ladder, our outlook is now much brighter." Wouldn't it have been safer to have employed a professional window-cleaner?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings cannot be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

TOTTENHAM AND EDMONTON WEEKLY HERALD:—"Edmonton Education Committee are supporting a movement to prohibit the UNEMPLOYMENT of schoolchildren in any capacity."

EPSOM AND EWELL HERALD:—"Prompt action by the fire brigade prevented the flames spreading."

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO:—"Ours is probably the only ship on the West-East Atlantic crossing whose passengers are also losing SHEEP at nights."

POPULAR GARDENING:—"Spray late varieties to prevent blight, a trouble which is especially likely to occur in dull wet weather."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Oil is a specific for SPEAKING doors."

HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER:—". . . it scraped the near-side front mudguard of the trolleybus. The driver of the taxi then came up and told . . . that the BRAKE must have 'jumped off.'"

DAILY MAIL:—"The BRIDE is scheduled as an ancient monument."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"In achieving this Japanese forces have rarely AGGRAVATED fewer than about 400,000 men."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"It is understood that he was trying to shelter from the TRAIN."

HOT SUN *and* SALT WATER *cause* DRY SCALP

Keep your hair lustrous and healthy this quick, simple way

SALT WATER washes away the hair's natural oils. Hot sun dries, bleaches and splits hair! Together, they cause DRY SCALP — make your hair stringy, lifeless!

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning rub on a few drops with your finger-tips until your scalp tingles pleasantly.

Your hair will be protected all day long from the sun and salt water. After a swim your hair will comb perfectly into place.

New economy size at 2/6

There is now a 2/6 size of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic containing twice as much as the 1/6 bottle. Sizes 1/6, 2/6 and 3/-. Prices and free offer not applicable to Eire.

★ ★ ★

FREE. For trial bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and packet of "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo send 2d. (for postage, etc.), name and address in block letters to Dept. JB 31, Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

PS. Don't forget to use "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo, 4D a packet

A de luxe BEAUTY OUTFIT —FREE to Women Readers.

BY special arrangement, any women reader of "John Bull" can obtain a De Luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Tokalon Skinfoods will make the skin clear, fresh and firm and get rid of wrinkles. Write at once for your free Beauty Outfit, mentioning "John Bull," to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 92BJ), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Send 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage, packing and other expenses. See p. 31.

£200 Cash in Prizes for Slogans!

An opportunity to win a cheque for £100 (1st Prize) or £25 (2nd Prize) or £10 (3rd Prize) or one of the 130 Consolation Prizes of 10/- each

Appears on page 31.

DUST & HEAT give you SORE THROATS

DO THIS & STOP THEM

Put 2 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water and gargle with the mixture.

When you gargle with 'ASPRO' you can definitely banish a sore throat. Furthermore you prevent infection from all sorts of complaints. The 'ASPRO' gargle clears the mouth and throat of germs and keeps you healthy. Just try it.

IF YOU CAN'T SLEEP Take 2 'ASPRO' tablets

Thousands of people cannot sleep during the hot weather. Yet you need not suffer from sleeplessness at all: for two 'ASPRO' tablets will send you into sweet refreshing sleep. You will wake up much refreshed and with a feeling of gladness that you have taken 'ASPRO'. Remember, 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or the stomach. It is safe, sure and quick in action.

2 'ASPRO' Tablets will stop a SUNGLARE HEADACHE in 5 minutes

That nasty headache, caused by sunglare, which is so prevalent at the present time, can be banished in a few minutes if you take 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets. So we suggest you keep 'ASPRO' handy to guard yourself against attack for you can rest assured that relief will be quick and definite.

'ASPRO' will banish these complaints:

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

READ THESE

COULD NOT SPEAK OR SWALLOW

148 Lymington Avenue, Wood Green, London, N.22.

Dear Sirs,

On Monday, Aug. 9th, I returned to work after a week's holiday. At noon same day I had a sore throat. At 6 p.m. I could not speak or swallow. Tuesday I lay in bed in agony, could not swallow a drip of water. Wednesday my wife asked me to try to gargle with 'ASPROS'. I did this all day long. To-day, Thursday, I am back at work. The stuff it shifted from my throat was marvellous. No wonder I was in agony. I say 'ASPROS' are worth a guinea a tablet. You may use this in your own words to what purpose you wish.

I wish you all the best and 1,000 thanks.

Yours faithfully,
E. H. BULLOCK.

SUMMER SLEEPLESSNESS AND HEADACHES BANISHED

Dear Sirs,—For several years now, I have been suffering from Headaches and Sleeplessness—especially during the summer. I tried all kinds of medicines, without positive results.

I noticed lately your newspaper advertisements, and decided to give 'ASPRO' a trial. I am now happy to report that 'ASPRO' proved to be a most satisfactory and effective remedy, and gave me complete relief.

I shall be very glad if you will kindly publish these few lines, in order that others suffering from similar pains may derive benefit through this publicity.—Yours faithfully,

SARAH COHEN.

11 Meichett Street,
Hadar Hacarmel, Haifa.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) With a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: Children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

SLEEPLESSNESS AND PAINS IN HEAD OVERCOME

17 Durban Street,
Worcester, C.P.

Dear Sir,

I suffer from severe pains in the head and sleeplessness. 'ASPRO' soothed the pain in the head and gave me sound sleep. I'll never be without 'ASPRO' and will recommend it to all sufferers.

Sincerely yours,
F. A WILLIAMS.

'ASPRO' NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Dear Sirs, Ruislip Middlesex.

Being a writer I occasionally get slight attacks of brain fever. This over-activity would give me sleepless nights were it not for 'ASPRO'. A course of your wonderful tablets soon brings relief.

The above headline came into my mind when I thought of sending this testimonial.

Yours truly, N. JARVIS (Miss).

10 MINUTES STOPS 2 YEARS' NEURALGIA

Dear Sirs, 63 Spoorweglaan, Springs.

I just want to tell you that I have suffered for over two years from neuralgia, and the same day the tablets arrived I was so swollen up that I could hardly see out of my eyes, and a pain in my face that I could not rest during the day or night. I immediately took two 'ASPRO' tablets and within ten minutes the pain was gone and up to now is still gone. Many thanks to 'ASPRO'.

Yours faithfully, J. G. NAUDE.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.
ASPRO
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

WORDS THAT WON

CHIEF PRIZES IN "BULLETS" No. 1,180

FIRST PRIZE, £250 Cash and £10 Holiday Cheque Yearly for Life, or £300 Cash:

J. THOMAS, 8, Bank Parade, Edgware, Middlesex.

Example: MILES AWAY
Bullet: SCHOOL—ANGELS, BE NEAR!

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

Miss I. F. TAYLOR, Tremodret, Daws House, Launceston, Cornwall.
Example: Worse Than Rain
Bullet: "Water—Penny A Bucket!"

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Mrs. AYLEN, Albany Road, Peel, Isle of Man.
Example: Auntie's Packing, So
Bullet: Other "Dictators," Please Copy!

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: E. T. KEATES, 26, Southwood Gardens, Barkingside.
Britannia Wants Peace, But—Substitutes "Wellingtons" for "Slippers."

£8: W. PURDY, 3, Grosvenor Road, Eastwood, Notts.
Hard To Realise—My Little Man, Militiaman!

£7: J. W. FOSTER, 7, Robin Grove, Hamilton Drive, York.
Derelict Farm—"Boards" Made Its "Comn."

£6: W. ROPER, 27, Penhale Road, Royal Parade, Eastbourne.
That Kid Next Door—Suggests "National *Brat* Week."

£5: Miss F. ANDREWS, 44, Cherhill, nr. Calne, Wilts.
To Fill The Gap—Landlady Installed Chocolate Machine!
(Entered on Prize Coupon.)

£4: P. GEE, 4, Dargle Road, Sale, Manchester.
Village Team—One Farmer—Ten Builders!

£3: H. HOWSON, 32, Park Square W., Leeds.
That Kid Next Door—Had Dad Had, Gad—

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

T. W. J. ATKINS, 5, Wyndham Road, Canton, Cardiff.
Landlady's Motto—"Honesty Is——" Hides Damp!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

S. J. BLOW, 28, King's Road, Aldershot.
In Love's Garden—Ignore "Mr. *Meddlesome's*" Talk!

W. L. J. CLOSE, Dabden, Saffron Walden, Essex.
Made Him Hurry—To Stop Another Errand-boy!

J. R. COPLESTON, 44, Chester Street, Flint.
When Dad Sings—"No Rose"—Row Knows.

W. D. CRAIG, "Burleigh," Stubbs Cross, Ashford, Kent.
Village Team—Handicapped—Opponents' Pitch *Level!*

W. C. FLINT, 16, Murray Road, Rugby.
Derelict Farm—Poor Prices' Heavy "Price."

A. FORGET, 3, Margaret Parade, Shepperton, Middlesex.
To Fill The Gap—Wireless Fiends Had Baby!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

H. H. NASH, 722, Walsall Road, Gt. Barr, Birmingham.
Auntie's Packing, So—*Trunk's* "Groans" are Genuine!

W. F. WILLIAMS, 76, Vicarage Road, West Bromwich, Staffs.
When Father Sings—"Here's Your Pipe, Father!"

F. D. WILSON, 46, Union Grove, Aberdeen.
When Father Sings—"Hullabaloo Belay"—Hullabaloo Below!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed '& Co.' Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

EVEN if you have a good job, it takes long, weary months of average wages to save enough to get married and set up a home of your own.

Those were the thoughts of thirty-one-year-old Mr. C. F. Stace as he was returning from work one recent Friday, he told a JOHN BULL man who called at his home at 118, Black Bull Road, Folkestone. Pretty Miss Billie Bell had recently become his fiancée and he was wishing the happy day was not so far away.

"When I came into the sitting-room I saw that my mother was asleep in her arm-chair," he related. "On the mantelpiece was a Greetings Telegram which she had placed there.

"Congratulations on my engagement, she had taken it for—and so had I. But just as I was opening the envelope I remembered it was Friday—the *Bullets* Joy Wire Day!"

A few moments later, Mrs. Stace was rubbing her eyes at the news which had so delighted her "Bulleteer" son. Simply by entering a few everyday words for our 1,179th *Bullets* Contest, Mr. Stace had secured £300 cash and a free Holiday for Two!

"Thanks to JOHN BULL, we have now arranged to be married next month," Mr. Stace went on. "As for the holiday, that will be a marvellous free honeymoon!"

The few words which brought all this happiness were those of Mr. Stace's neat and thoughtful *Bullet*, WAR'S PATH—LEADS TO "EMPTY PLACES."

"I am employed by the Air Ministry as a civilian driver," he explained. "My First Prize *Bullet* was made one day while I was sitting in the driver's seat of an R.A.F. ambulance. In front of me was a path leading to the Officers' Mess.

"Looking at the list of *Examples* in my copy of *Bullets Bulletin* I saw that one of them was WAR'S . . . Somehow the word 'path' seemed just to fit that 'empty place' on the page. Then I asked myself where 'war's path' leads. Millions of lives lost—empty places in countless homes. Thus I built up my *Bullet*."

Look back at this reader's £300 *Bullet* and see how effectively its few words convey their sharp reminder of war's futility. Then look at the opposite page and notice that a *Bullet* entered during the next few days can win you no less than £750!

£750
waiting for a
"BULLET"
—Coupons on opposite page

This First Prize Cheque for "Bullets" No. 1,184, or that for No. 1,182, 1,183, 1,185 or 1,186 will be augmented to £750 cash, according to which of these First Prize "Bullets" is adjudged most meritorious—THUS YOU CAN WIN £750 WITH A COUPON BELOW!

HOW TO WIN

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Here is a good instance of how to construct your efforts. To a Lincoln entrant the *Example*, GERMANY'S NEIGHBOURS, first suggested the thought of a cockerel waking up ordinary neighbours at dawn. Considering the *Example* again, he says, brought the German eagle to his mind. Then he speedily completed his neat winning *Bullet*, GERMANY'S NEIGHBOURS—FEAR "DAWN" *Eagle* HERALDS.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,180th Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples*, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, August 19.

DON'T MISS "COMPEX"!
See feature on page 34.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

HITLER AND CO.
WAR OF NERVES
REVENGE IS SWEET, BUT
MAN IN THE GUTTER
LOOKING THE OTHER WAY
SPELLS DISASTER
" NEVER AGAIN! "
THE SERGEANT GROANED AND LET OFF
WITH A TREMBLING HAND
WHEN AUNTIE TRIED GOLF
CACKLING
SANDY GAME TO LONDON AND
WAY TO KEEP YOUNG
BLUFF AND BLUSTER
WHEN THE BAND PLAYED
GRANNY'S A DEAR, BUT
SICK AND SORRY
REFORMED MAN
FOR A LIVING

Six " Examples " below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing " Examples " to augment those provided.

WHEN I .....
..... OF THE EARTH
IN SPITE OF .....
..... FOR TOMMY
BACK TO .....
FARMER'S .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in " Bullets " No. 1,184 usually purchase " John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,179 will be displayed in the window of B. Gamm, 129a, Canterbury Road, Folkestone.

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

£2.5	£10		
£9	£8	£7	
£6	£5	£4	
£3	10 of £2-10		

50 DAY-TRIP FARES of 12/6

200 SURPRISE AWARDS
THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,184) | Closing postmark SAT., AUG. 19.

Signed .....
Address .....

" Bullets " must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,184) | Closing postmark SAT., AUG. 19.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,184) | Closing postmark SAT., AUG. 19.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,184, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope " Bullets " No. 1,184 and Crossword No. 166, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it " B and C " in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, August 19.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to " John Bull " and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,184, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"My Friends Call Me A YEAST-VITE FAN"!

—For To-day I am enjoying the Joy of Life where once I Lived under The Shadow of Constant Depression of Spirits Due to Ill-health

Are you run-down, in pain, depressed, dejected? Then read this:—

Dear Sirs, London, N.W.

Do you wonder that I am shouting the virtues of Yeast-Vite all over the place and that my friends call me a "Yeast-Vite" fan, for to-day I am enjoying the joy of life where once I lived under the shadow of a constant depression of spirits due to ill-health.

Anyway, I like to think that I know what gratitude is, and so am doing what little I can to say "thank you" for what Yeast-Vite has done for me. Believe me, I miss no opportunity of advising friends and neighbours to "try Yeast-Vite."

(Signed) Mrs. E. T.

The Lightning Pick-Me-Up AND PAIN RELIEVER

It is small wonder that so many people DO benefit. For in Yeast-Vite can be found a most powerful array of tonic ingredients.

For instance, Yeast-Vite is rich in: QUICK TONIC PROPERTIES which ensure RAPID RELIEF from HEADACHES and NERVE PAINS and speedily replace Lassitude, Exhaustion and Depression with Buoyant Energy and Sparkling Enthusiasm.

Yeast-Vite is an all-round benefactor of the human system. Its action is twofold and consists of

(1) RAPID RELIEF

(2) LASTING BENEFIT TO THE WHOLE CONSTITUTION

Yet this marvellous medicine is well within the reach of even the humblest pocket or purse. Indeed, thanks to the fact that it *is* in such constant demand, no health sufferer need deny himself or herself the opportunity of testing it.

And remember Yeast-Vite is only sold to you under the hard and fast terms that either you benefit or you lose not one penny of your money. Why then continue to suffer? Why deny yourself the opportunity to try the world's Wonder Tonic under the terms of our offer below?

Here are some further wonderful stories proving Yeast-Vite's invincible power over pain and suffering.

INDIGESTION FOR YEARS

—At Times Her Life Was Unbearable

Lowestoft.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write to inform you of the wonderful benefits my wife has received from taking Yeast-Vite. For years she has suffered from indigestion and at times her life was unbearable with the pain so caused.

Now we always keep a bottle of Yeast-Vite in the house, and my wife for the past few months has been taking two Tablets regularly every day and has not had a recurrence of any digestive complaints.

I am sure if more people only realised the beneficial results which can be obtained from even a small bottle they would be considerably surprised. Nowadays, when incomes are so small, I must confess that I consider a bottle of Yeast-Vite in the house a very good investment, besides a standing insurance against present-day illness.

I might add you may use any part of this letter to further the popularity of Yeast-Vite.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) A. S.

Nervous Debility and Exhaustion

Surrey.

Dear Sirs,

I felt I must write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from taking your Yeast-Vite tablets.

I have been suffering from Nervous Debility and Exhaustion for the past two months, and in spite of everything that was done for me, I made very little progress.

I decided to give Yeast-Vite a trial two weeks ago, and am more than pleased with the results. I feel almost quite fit again, and have regained strength and vitality.

I have recommended Yeast-Vite to all my friends, and shall continue to do so.

Thanking you,

I am, yours truly, (Miss) D. S.
(Registered Sick Children's Nurse).

Never Looked Back

—A NEW MAN

Lancs.

Dear Sirs,

I am unable to resist writing you, telling you the benefits I have received from your wonderful tonic Yeast-Vite.

I will first start by saying I was out of work for six years, then I got a job, thought I was O.K. until after working a week I felt the strain.

I used to come home at night full of a cold and tired out. This went on for two or three weeks, I used to say to my wife, *"I am afraid I will have to pack up, it's too much for me."* I was losing weight, this went down to 8 st. 10 lb., unbelievable, isn't it, but true!

Then the turning point came, my wife handed me the morning paper and said, *"Why not try them?"* Before, I had not time for anything like that, but I got a bottle and from then on I have never looked back. My weight came back, colds vanished and I am a new man, working regularly, and on every occasion I refer to your wonderful tonic Yeast-Vite.

Yours sincerely, (Signed) T. R.

"We Think They Are A Splendid Tonic"

Cumberland.

Dear Sirs,

My Auntie takes Yeast-Vite Tablets and they have done her a lot of good; we think they are a splendid tonic. She is suffering from nerves. Thanking you once again for your kindness.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) M. M.

"My Nerves Had Got Unbearable"

Dear Sirs, Flints.

I am happy to tell you I have derived great benefit from Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets. My nerves had got unbearable. I tried all sorts of "Tonics," but nothing relieved like your tablets. I have told my friends about them and the relief I am getting with them.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Miss J.

"LAID UP WITH RHEUMATISM

—Now a Different Woman"

Dear Sirs, Bambridge.

I think you will be interested to know of the great benefit and relief I have had since I have taken Yeast-Vite, as I have been laid up with Rheumatism, and since I have taken Yeast-Vite I feel a different woman. My pains are all gone.

If only people knew how wonderful they are I am sure they would try them.

So—thanks to Yeast-Vite.

Yours, Mrs. W.

"I Am Now In Normal Health"

Dear Sirs, Bath.

I have been a user of your product, Yeast-Vite, for many years, and my experience of its efficacy may be of some interest to you. Having suffered from pernicious anæmia, I have (in order to continue my work) been in need of a tonic with a reliable and rapidly invigorating effect. It is, in my opinion, largely thanks to your product, which I have taken following specific treatment for anæmia, that I am now in normal health.

I am, Yours faithfully, (Signed) F. P.

Secure a Bottle of **Yeast-Vite** Brand Tonic

Under Our Offer of NO RELIEF—NO PAY

Why not try Yeast-Vite yourself? If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, obtain a 1/3 bottle at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded. YEAST-VITE brand tablets Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

F.8 J.B.I.84 71*

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